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No. 308.

CHANGE.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

Once more as in the days of old
I trudge along the highway,
Again I tread the "cloth of gold,"
That skirts the meadow by-way;
I climb the hill-side slope once more,
Andneath the beeches yonder
Again as in the days of yore.
A glade upon the floor,
Bending upon the floor,
Is filling me down and ponder.

Then down the old familiar way,
And through the summer weather
(Like we two in the younger day.)
Gaze eye and thought together
Down through the broken orchard bar,
Beneath the boughs low-bending,
And through the farm-yard gate ajar,
The roses 'bove the plain and roses are,
They find their journey's ending.

My bachelors home, ay, there it lies,
Of old familiar places,
And oh, what hosts of memories
Come crowding up unbidden!
As, just as in the days of yore,
My eyes once more behold it:
The gabled roof with moss grown o'er,
The roses 'bove the kitchen door
That cling to and entwined it.

Yes, all the same—and yet not so;
The old familiar places,
No more the dear ones know,
No more the once-loved faces.
The house is there, the home is fled;
Gone is the old-time gladness,
Since they that were its life are dead,
Joy is departed, and instead
The air is dumb with sadness.

Oh, tender hearts that to the last
Made home and hearthstone pleasant!
Oh, hearts that to the past
Look down upon the present,
Oh, ghosts of all the dear, dead days,
That constant fit before me:
Go not so soon your own sad ways,
Nor leave so quickly in your place
These new days frowning o'er me.

JACK RABBIT.

The Prairie Sport:

OR,
THE WOLF CHILDREN OF THE LLANO ESTACADO.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "YELLOW-
STONE JACK," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A VISION OF BEAUTY.

The day dawned bright and peaceful, the skies were clear and cloudless. There was nothing to remind one of the wild storm of only a few hours before.

The morning sun shone upon a peculiar scene. To the north and west uprose the wild, rugged foothills of that vast chain, the Rocky Mountains. Upon the east and south stretched the broad sandy waste, now less even and monotonous than before, since the fierce howling blast had raised the surface in many a curving sandhill, had hollowed out many a miniature valley in order to form the winding, intricate ridges of glistening sand.

At the base of these foothills now rests the caravans of the buffalo-hunters, and their wild guard, the Mad Chief's Pawnees. A minute description of the spot is necessary to a perfect understanding of what is to follow.

Take a profile view of a statuette—Byron's, for instance. Lay it down, with the nose pointing north, the shoulders toward the east. Build a towering wall of almost perpendicular rocks around the skull, the face, down to the neck. Then let them branch off irregularly, leaving the shoulder of the statuette to spread out for the desert. Draw a short, crooked line from the point where the nose ends. That line cuts through the bold rock-walls, running in a zigzag course for a few hundred yards, there ending abruptly; a "pocket." Along its high sides are scores of cracks and crevices, affording notable hiding places, as well as vantage points from where a sturdy, well-armed man might hold an army at defiance until hunger and thirst overpowered him.

Though an unarmed inmate might be long ignorant of the fact, escape from the circular valley was impossible save by the one avenue—the opening represented by the neck of the statuette. In this circular valley, or basin, the carts of the buffalo-hunters were drawn up, their fires built, their skin tents pitched. At the neck of the statuette were stationed the Pawnees. To pass them without permission would be an impossibility.

It may seem strange that the buffalo-hunters, bold, experienced men as they undoubtedly were, should allow themselves to be placed in a trap like this, where they were entirely at the mercy of an ally proverbially treacherous; yet the explanation is simple. The journey was finished in the darkness, when the fierce howling of the tempest was at its worst. Guided by the savages, they occupied the position indicated without the faintest suspicion.

Jack Rabbit and his comrade, Tony Chew, were standing side by side, half way between the two camps. The features of the big borderer were quiet and composed. Not a trace remained of the deadly passions that had so lately possessed him. With its accomplishment all thought of the horrible vengeance had died away.

The friends were conversing earnestly, the one with his fingers, Jack Rabbit in low, guarded tones.

"No, I don't like it, old man Tony. It may be O. K., but it smells pesky fishy, anyhow. There's a sulky, vicious devil in the old man's eyes that means mischief. He knows that



The friends were conversing earnestly, the one with his fingers, Jack Rabbit in low, guarded tones.

he had seen that she was more than ordinarily beautiful—than of the words of the chieftain.

It would be tiresome to record his long, somewhat prosy speech; the substance must suffice.

He declared that it was not often that he met so many dear friends at one time, but since he had, they must not part company until he had shown them how very dear they were to his heart. For three days, all should be joy and festivity; after that, they could talk of business. The Pawnee braves would exhibit some of their national sports, and then would be glad to watch the pale-faces display their accomplishments.

During this monologue, Jack Rabbit, using on the one hand that was hidden from the keen eyes of the black chief, formed these words in the sign language.

"You must help me save the Comanche chief—reasons afterward; they are important. You can leave in a few moments. I'll keep him here until all is ready. Manage to cut the lad's bonds; tell him to wait for the signal—he will understand your signs. Then come for me. I'll tell you the rest then."

Tony Chew mutely signified his readiness to obey. Though so much older than Jack, the young man was generally the leader. Then he arose and left the lodge, trusting to Jack to satisfy the chief.

His keen eye saw that the prisoners were left alone. The Pawnees were generally busied with gorging themselves. Tony believed that he could effect the release unnoticed. Gliding along, he suddenly dropped behind a point of rocks. Then, gliding stealthily over the ground, keeping well covered, he finally succeeded in reaching the boulder to which the young chief was bound. A quick sign of amity, then his keen knife noiselessly severed the rawhide thongs, only leaving one intact, sufficient to keep the rest in place. This done, he signed for the chief to wait patiently for his signal, at the same time slipping the knife beneath his body, in easy reach of his hand.

Then, satisfied that his actions had been unobserved, Tony stole away until at a safe distance, after which he arose and returned to the lodge, just in time to hear Jack Rabbit say:

"You have my promise to join in the sports, only we must have a little time to practice first. You can come or send some of your braves to take notes, if you wish."

The black chief's face lightened at these words, and he quickly agreed. His evident reluctance to letting the two men pass beyond his lines strengthened Jack's suspicions that evil was in his mind, that he meant bitter mischief to the buffalo-hunters.

"Come, pard," he added aloud, "I've promised to show them some of our tricks in the saddle, and as it wouldn't do for us to make a botch of it, we'd better practice a little. We'll get our horses and go outside."

The chief saw these rapid signals, but evidently could not read their meaning. Nor did he allude to them in any way, but led his guests into the tall, roomy lodge. A few sharp words broke from his lips, and then a slight, graceful figure brushed past the pale-faces and left the lodge. Yet, rapid as was the action, the keen eyes of the young hunter saw enough to send his blood coursing rapidly through his veins. It was as though an angel of light had flitted before his eager gaze.

A plentiful supply of meat was smoking upon a large wooden platter. The trio squatted around this, and ate as only hungry men in the best of health can eat. Yet Jack Rabbit cast more than one curious glance toward the lodge door. He was thinking far more of the young woman—even in that brief glance

"But the horse?" signed Tony, with a dubious look.

"I'll bring it back—and you know mine is the only four-legged animal that can do it. I mean to recapture the red-skin. Never mind why; here comes that old brute."

The Mad Chief came up and said that he himself would ride out with them. Jack Rabbit quietly replied that he would wait till his brother's horse was ready. Tony Chew, as though not hearing the speech, led his big horse along until close beside the captive Comanches, then paused as though to learn why Jack was dallying; and as he glanced back he made several hasty signs to the Comanche.

Quick as though the last cord was severed, and the young chief darted forward like an arrow fresh from the bow, snatching the reins from Tony's hand and leaping into the saddle. As he dashed away with a wild, ringing yell of exultation, the big borderer fell to the ground in a heap, as though stricken senseless.

A yell of angry warning burst from the Mad Chief's lips, but before any of the Pawnees could interfere, the Comanche had passed the cordon of lodges, and was thundering away over the desert, to all seeming free.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TIGER-HUNTER.

STILL brighter glowed those cruel eyes. Low and soft, yet more terrible than would have been an angry scream, because more treacherous, came the musical purring of the huge cat.

The young buffalo-hunter glanced through the double sights, aiming between the twin stars; but he hesitated to touch the trigger. To fire and miss, or only wound the beast, would be fatal. That instant its leap would be made, and little could their puny strength avail against the desert king.

Then the tiger's head flattened close to the ground, and the loud purr deepened to a deadly, menacing snarl. Another instant and its unerring leap would be made.

His finger was already touching the trigger, when a dark figure suddenly alighted before Pablo, as though it had dropped from the leaves above. He started back with a little cry of superstitious wonder. At the same instant the snarl of the tiger rose to a wild yell, and its long, lithe body shot through the air direct for the spot where the strange figure now stood guarding Rosina.

Had he flinched, as might easily have been forgiven him, the maiden would have fallen the first victim to those sharp claws and gleaming teeth. But, sturdy and firm as though a statue of bronze, the new-comer received the shock. There was a dull, peculiar thud, then, as though rebounding from a stone wall, the tiger fell heavily back, a dozen feet distant. And then, as if impelled by the same power, the dark figure sprang upon the snarling animal, and a confused struggle ensued, through which could be seen the rapid flashing of a blood-dripping blade.

Confused, bewildered, the young cibolero watched the terrible death-struggle without once offering to interfere. The abrupt appearance of this man, who had so boldly taken upon himself the struggle with the desert scourge, for the instant rendered the youth powerless, so great was his surprise, and before the first shock had died away the fight was over. With a shrill, gurgling scream, the tiger rolled over, dead, the long blade passing entirely through its heart.

Was it the echo? that shrill, venomous scream, roaring high above the mad howling of the tempest?

The stranger sprung to his feet with a sharp cry, still clutching the faithful weapon that had disposed of one fierce antagonist. The firelight gleamed redly upon his face. Blood, either from his own or the tiger's veins, possibly both, freely moistened the lithe, half-nude figure. Yet he did not flinch, did not seek to retreat, but stood above the still quivering carcass, the model of a wild, fearless gladiator.

Another cry, louder, sharper than before, accompanied by the swishing and crackling of undergrowth. Then a beautiful, though terrible brute leaped out into the little glade. A counterpart of the first tiger, this one was evidently seeking its mate, aroused by that last terrible cry.

As though bewildered by the bright glare of the fire, the tiger crouched upon the ground, its head flattened, its teeth shining through the parted red lips, its long tail nervously sweeping the ground as its yellow eyes passed from one to the other of those silent figures, finally resting upon the convulsed shape of its mate, lying at the dark man's feet. Its instinct seemed to single out the slayer, and the lithe form flattened still nearer the earth, every nerve and muscle straining for the avenging leap.

The leap was made, but only through the spasmodic relaxation of the strained sinews. Sharp and spiteful rang out the report of Pablo's rifle, and the leaden missile crashed through the tiger's brain.

Springing lightly aside, the stranger dealt the body a deadly stroke as it passed, the keen blade severing skin, flesh and bones with terrible effect. Quivering, yet senseless to all pain, the carcass fell into the fire, scattering the brands in every direction.

"It is needless," quietly uttered the stranger, as Pablo sprung before Rosina, with drawn knife. "The brute is dead, twice over."

"We owe you our lives, senor."

"Look again, master," was the interruption, in a quiet, even tone. "I am only a manzo—a poor Indian, without either name or people. 'Lazy dog' sounds better than 'senor' when we are spoken to."

"You are our friend, since you risked your life in our defense," quickly interposed Rosina.

"Thanks for the kind words, lady; but you, too, mistake. I acted without thinking of you. I would have assisted my worst enemy against these devils. That is all I live for now. Day and night I hunt them, and shall, until I die. Why? Because they have robbed me of all that made a life of slavery endurable—because they killed my mother, my brother, my—my wife. Bah! I am a fool! What interest can you feel in my affairs? I only wonder that you do not laugh—laugh and sneer at the idea of a nameless slave and outcast prating of love and revenge."

There was an indescribable bitterness in the tiger-hunter's tone as he hissed forth the words, that strangely impressed the young couple. The language, too, was not such as might have been expected from one belonging to that usually ignorant and degraded class, the "civilized Indians" of New Mexico.

Whatever reply Pablo might have made was cut short by a terrible, prolonged chorus, beginning with the sharp barking yelp of the coyote and ending in the wild, piercing scream of the jaguar. Rosina instinctively drew nearer her brother, clutching his arm closely. The *tigro* laughed shortly.

"Listen! is not that music to awaken a dead man? You see now how it happens that we met. The brutes come here for water, and for shelter from such storms as this. I was lying in wait for them when you came. Ha—again! You shall see royal sport!"

"Let us go, brother," faltered Rosina. "I am afraid—those terrible sounds chill my blood."

The tiger-hunter started at the sound of her voice, and as his eyes rested upon her pale face the wild glow in his eyes gradually died away. Slowly, as if reluctantly, he said:

"Your words are wise, lady. The storm-devil was whispering in my ear, bidding me slay—slay! But, life is longer than a day. I have sacrificed, now I will save. Come; the wind is carrying that," pointing to the chattering body of the last slain tiger, "for leagues, and before day-dawn this clump of timber will be a den of wild animals. Will you trust me? See! I am calm now. I will guide you wherever you wish me."

Pablo did not hesitate long, but hurriedly described the point where they had left the train. In silence the tiger-hunter listened, then grasped the bridle-rein of Rosina's mustang, striding swiftly away from the oasis, gradually leaving behind them the increasing howls, snarlings and yelps of the swiftly-gathering wild beasts.

The wind was yet high, though the power of the tempest had considerably abated. It was with a certain secret satisfaction in the confirmation of his own acuteness that Pablo found the wind blowing against his right shoulder as he strode along. And yet the tiger-hunter was perfectly honest and sincere in his belief that he was guiding them aright. At least a point of rocks, especially when only seen from a distance, can hardly be described beyond the possibility of mistake.

And when the first gleam of day-dawn broke upon the wearied wayfarers, a cry of satisfaction broke from the young cibolero's lips. Before him, scarce a mile distant, could be seen a point of rocks, jutting from a rugged mass of evergreen-studded hills. The general outline, even some of the minor details, were true to what the young man had described.

"But—where are they?" faltered Rosina, the old fear again assailing her heart, as she sought in vain for some traces of the expected train.

The tiger-hunter silently raised his head, and bent his ear. A peculiar, unmistakable sound came floating across the desert. Pablo laughed aloud.

"The carretas! Sweeter music I would not wish to hear, just now—eh, little sister?"

Rosina made no audible reply, though her pale cheek flushed brightly and her eyes sparkled as she urged the jaded *pongo* at a more rapid pace. Beside her trotted Pablo and the tiger-hunter.

The sound of the wooden wheels grew louder and more plain, and as the trio reached the point of rocks, the keen eyes of the tiger-hunter caught sight of the train, just appearing from out a narrow defile.

The glad smile quickly vanished from Pablo's face, and a cry of disappointment parted his lips. The first glance told him there was something wrong. The train was not that for which they had been searching. He turned to Rosina with an uneasy look.

"They are whites, at least," she faltered; "so they must be friends. Perhaps they can explain—can give us some tidings of our—our friends."

"We have no choice, since they have seen us," muttered Pablo, as half a dozen horsemen suddenly rode out from the train, fully armed.

"Black Garote!" gasped Rosina, as the leading horseman drew near, a peculiar grin drawing upon his round, ill-featured face as he seemed to recognize the Raymons.

Pablo did not appear to share her uneasiness, and greeted the men frankly if not cordially, however proud and distant he might have been under other circumstances. At first the tiger-hunter held aloof, as though he meant to take his departure at once, but as though he interpreted aright the quick glance of Rosina's eye, he once more resumed his place at her rein.

Black Garote, the buffalo-hunter, was a half-breed Indian, though his features were more like those of a negro, and his hair was crisp and close curling. Very tall, with broad shoulders and powerful body, he was clumsily built; taken all in all, a more repulsive being could scarcely be imagined. His heart, too, was in keeping with his carcass.

Rosina bent low in the saddle and whispered to the tiger-hunter. She begged him to seek out her father and tell him where they were, repeating the half-breed's name, that he might know how to act.

"Do this, and I will pray for you, night and day!"

The tiger-hunter gently kissed her hand, then bowed and glided swiftly away. A sharp cry from Black Garote warned his men, and as though all had been preconcerted, a terrible scene followed.

Three men galloped swiftly down upon the tiger-hunter, plying their stout bows with Indian-like dexterity. The attack was too sudden to be avoided. Without being given a chance to strike a return blow, the Indian fell, his body forming the sheath for a dozen arrows.

Garote dealt Pablo a brutal kick in the face that hurled the young ciblero bleeding and senseless to the ground, then grasped the reins of Rosina's horse, drowning her shriek of terror with his harsh, brutal laugh.

"You will not laugh and scorn me now, my dainty bird," he chuckled, as his brawny arms tightened round her waist, lifting her from the saddle and holding her helpless.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WAGER OF BATTLE.

His shrill yell floated tauntingly back as the young chief of the Comanches dashed through the last line of the Pawnee lodges and thundered away over the desert, almost ere his enemies realized what had occurred.

The Black Chief yelled forth his orders, even as he leaped toward his own half-saddled mustang, bidding his braves recapture the Comanche under peril of death. But hasty as they were, their efforts would have availed little against the big buckskin, and the Comanche might have laughed them to scorn, only for the young plainsman, by whom all this machinery had been put in motion.

With an agile bound he was in the saddle and then, uttering single clear shout as he passed by the still prostrate borderman, he stretched out in swift pursuit of the big buckskin, whose mighty bounds, so long and powerful, were devouring the space with a rapidity that caused the bronze cheeks of its rider to glow with proud surprise. Not only to escape, but to carry off this truly magnificent animal!

Then, with natural curiosity, he glanced back. He saw the Pawnee camp in wild confusion, a score of braves preparing their ponies for hot pursuit. A light cloud chased away the scornful smile, and the Comanche's brow lowered. It was not the preparations of the Pawnees that caused this. He knew right well that not one out of a hundred mustangs could cope successfully with the big States horse.

But that blood bay, racing so level and true, with a long, sweeping stride, swift and regular as the action of a choice bit of machinery guiltless of jar or friction; from that young man of whose prowess he had already been a witness—from him alone had his cause for fear. Yet, though armed only with the knife left him by the dumb borderer, the young chief resolved never to return alive.

With a steady hand Jack Rabbit regulated the speed of his horse, knowing to an iota what the two animals were capable of, and that he could end the race at his own will. So, patiently biding his time, he glided along in the rear of the yellow horse, casting an occasional glance backward.

At length, when nearly five miles had been traversed, when the Pawnee camp had disappeared from view and the Pawnee riders were steadily growing less and less in the distance, Jack Rabbit shook up the blood-bay, and the struggle fairly began.

The keen-eyed Comanche had, ere this, detected the truth—knew that he was being played with, and resolved to make a good fight, had carefully nursed his horse during the last mile or two. Now, as he felt the keen knife-point spurring his hanches, the yellow horse plunged forward with almost redoubled speed.

Jack Rabbit smiled grimly, and spoke to his horse. The blood-bay tossed its head, then stretched out still nearer the ground. More than once the two had been pitted against each other, nor was he to encounter defeat now, for the first time. Foot by foot, yard by yard the distance lessened, until the Comanche clutched the knife more tightly and nervously himself for a struggle. Yet he wondered why his pursuer did not make use of his rifle or pistol.

Steadily the blood-bay crept up, nearer and nearer, until, at length, Jack Rabbit spoke, in

the mongrel dialect, half Spanish, half Comanche, in general use among the *Comanches*, or Indian traders.

"Let my red brother look back; a friend speaks to him. Look—my hands are empty, though the chief can see here fire-bows that hold more lives than he has fingers. There would be an enemy about."

As he spoke, Jack Rabbit checked his horse and dropped both revolvers and rifle to the ground, then folded his arms quietly. The Comanche wheeled his horse and rode back, a puzzled look upon his face. The whole affair was an enigma beyond his solving.

"Our tongues must be quick, for the Pawnee dogs are coming up. My tongue is straight and can only follow one trail; listen. Yesterday we were enemies, and fought each other. To-day we are friends, since I made the silent men cut the thongs that bound a chief. Why did I do this? Some time you will know—not now. But now—you must go back to these dogs, with me."

The Comanche drew back, mechanically fingering his knife. A cold smile played around the adventure's lips, as he unsheathed his own blade, with the words:

"I have said it. My brother must go with me, if not willingly and alive, then dead. We are armed alike. Do your best, for this is not my first war-trail."

The Comanche rode forward, but the long knife was held by the blade, its hilt presented to Jack Rabbit.

"Keoxa is a chief. He can not bite the hand that saved his life. He will go with the White Lightning."

"Good; I know my brother again. We will return to the Pawnee wolves; but listen. Your life belongs to me. Let the wolves snarl and yelp, but they dare not bite."

Jack Rabbit hid the knife belonging to Tony in his bosom, lest it should tell tales to some of the keen eyed Pawnees, and then, side by side the strange allies rode back toward the now visible pursuers. Yelling exultantly, the Pawnees flocked around, but a significant gesture of the young borderer repelled the hands that would have rudely seized the Comanche. With dark looks the Pawnees contented themselves with forming a cordon around the train; and then the young chief returned.

The Mad Chief came forward to meet them, as Jack Rabbit halted without the line of lodges. But Tony Chew was ahead of him, and at a significant sign from Jack, he took his position on the other side of the Comanche.

"It is well," said the Pawnee leader, in a cold, measured tone; "the snake stole the wings of an eagle, but did not know how to use them."

"He used them so well that not one of your braves were within sight when I overtook him," bluntly retorted Jack.

"It is you whom he must thank for what awaits him, then—the stake, with all the tortures that my braves can devise," replied the chief, with a sneer, speaking in Spanish.

"It seems to me that I have a word or two to say about that," laughed Jack Rabbit coolly. "An hour ago things were different, but now—I don't care about torturing my captive."

The Mad Chief seemed about to burst forth with some angry reply, and his clenched fist was partially raised to give the signal so eagerly watched for by his braves; but as he saw the quiet resolution of the whites, their hands resting upon those terrible death-dealing revolvers, he hesitated.

"You claim his life, then?" he said, at length.

"He is my captive; just what I shall do with him, I can't say, but he shall not be tortured, that's settled."

A tall, battle-scared warrior pressed through the ranks and spoke a few words in an angry tone, so rapidly that Jack could not follow him. But a cruel smile that curled the chief's white mustache, told that the words were not unwelcome to his ear.

"It is well," he said loudly, glancing around the circle.

"Ynetli is a great brave, but he only asks justice. See! his face is black, because his lodge is full of mourning. A Comanche dog blew out the light of Ynetli's life, and the father mourns for his son. The young brave can not take up the weary trail alone—he must have a dog to run down his game, a slave to wait upon him. The child of the Snake must die."

Jack was about to speak, when the Comanche, who had evidently understood the Pawnee brave's speech, checked him.

"My brother is very kind, but Keoxa will send the father after his pappoose." Then, in louder voice, he declared his eagerness to abide by the result of the wager of battle. If he conquered, he was to go free; if not—well!

Though Jack was plainly far from being satisfied, he felt that it would be impossible to obtain better terms. The wonder was that the Mad Chief had condescended to parley at all, when the power was so clearly in his own hands. Yet, as Jack compared the two men, he felt all his trouble and plotting had been for naught, so slight seemed the chances of the young Comanche. The one, slightly built, almost feminine in muscle and body, a mere lad. The other, a tall, wiry athlete, just in the prime of life, with muscles like white iron, and his broad breast bearing the tokens of many a stoutly-contested fight.

Yet the Comanche appeared to have no fears of the result, calmly awaiting the preparations, by odds the coolest man among them all.

The preliminaries were brief and easily settled. The combatants were to fight on horseback—both Comanche and Pawnee are essentially *horse-Indians*—with knives, lances and lassos. Two mustangs were selected, stout, fresh animals. The men drew for first choice; fortune favored Ynetli, and the crowd shouted aloud at what they considered a favorable augury. A mounted brave started his pony from a point of rocks, galloping around in a semicircle, giving the rivals nearly five acres of ground on which to maneuver. The first who was forced across this line, at any point, must consider himself vanquished, and submit to his rival.

Fully repeating the conditions, the Mad Chief motioned his braves away. When they had stationed themselves at regular intervals around the half circle, he gave the signal. Carefully testing their mounts, the rivals gradually neared each other, lasso in one hand, lance in the other.

The Pawnee was the first to make an open attack, dashing impetuously forward as though about to ride down the Comanche, yelling and swinging his rawhide lasso round his head. Just keeping his pony in motion, ready for advance or retreat, Keoxa awaited the attack.

Eager as he was to avenge his son, Ynetli was not one to run an unnecessary risk, and his mustang veered to the right when just without lasso-cast, Keoxa facing him warily. His tactics caused the young plainsman's face to brighten, and to think better of his chances.

Just off the boudoir, to the right, opened her bedroom suite, the sleeping-room, in simple, unostentatious black walnut and marble, with white drapery of lace and linen, and a toilette of snowy china; with a thick, milk-white Persian rug on the floor, and white lace curtains heavily draped over the inside shutters.

It was the very abode of peace and purity, and as Leslie tapped at the half-open boudoir door, and saw Mrs. Argelyne come out of the

The Pawnee made one complete circle, then his patience gave way, just as Keoxa had hoped. With a wild yell, he dashed in, the black, snake-like coils flashing through the air. Quick as thought the Comanche was on guard. Wheeling around, his back to the foe, he drew the reins taut, his long spear resting between his mustang's ears and upon his own bowed head. The noose fell upon him, and was instantly flung off as Keoxa wheeled and became the assailant in turn; but with better success.

Nettil attempted the same guard, but was too late. The noose closed around his body, and as his only hope, he dashed direct for the young chief, with leveled lance. Keoxa also spurred forward, with ready spear, and for a moment it seemed as though both must fall. But not so. Swaying lightly aside, Keoxa urged his pony on with a shrill cry. A sharp pluck—a dull thud—and the Pawnee was hurled senseless to the ground.

Handling his mustang with marvelous skill, Keoxa wheeled and paused over the quivering body, driving his spear through and through, pinning the corpse to the blood-stained sands. The next moment he was shaking the gory scalp above his head, pealing forth his triumphant war-cry.

The Pawnees seemed mad with rage and shame, dashing toward the victor with wild fury for blood. But swift as they were, others were swifter. Jack and Tony thundered forward and stood beside the Comanche, with drawn and cocked revolvers. A clear, ringing shout—a hoarse, deep growl answered the shrill, vengeful yell.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 306.)

Vials of Wrath :

OR, THE GRAVE BETWEEN THEM.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "TWO GIRLS' LIVES," "LOVE-
BLIND," "OATH BOUND," "BARBARA'S
FATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A GLIMPSE OF ARCADY.

THE ride from Union square to Fifth avenue, though short and accomplished in a very few minutes, was an eventful one to both Ethel Havelstock and Leslie Verne, who said very little to each other, being engrossed with their own thoughts, so entirely different in each instant.

Over Ethel had come a feeling of nervous anxiety, entirely different from the quiet satisfaction that had taken possession of her when Verne had first announced his intentions; and as the carriage stopped in front of a large, imposing house, and Verne sprang out to assist her to alight, Ethel felt her limbs tremble so that she could scarcely walk.

What if Leslie had overrated Mrs. Argelyne's need of such services as Ethel knew she could offer? What if some one else was in view for the position?

Leslie saw the sudden, anxious pallor that was all over her sweet, sad face; and actually smiled at it.

"I hope you are not nervous, Ethel? You need have no fears on the score of your reception—you will love aunt Helen as soon as you see her."

They ascended the flight of stone steps, after Leslie had discharged the carriage, and in a moment after the summons of the bell a tall, liveried footman opened the inner door of the large marble-floored vestibule.

Leslie nodded pleasantly.

"Will you tell Mrs. Argelyne I would like to see her again, alone, Waugh? If she will permit me to come to her room I would prefer it. This way, Ethel."

His easy, gentlemanly manners were so pleasant to the nervous, anxious girl; she followed him with a quick, willing step into a tiny reception-room on the right of the hall; a square room, with one large window fronting the avenue, that was hung with rich, yellowish brown satin, that matched the somber, elegant carpet on the floor, and the *tete-a-tete* and solitary chair.

In the center of the room was an upright card-basket, with bronze pedestal and silver receiver, that was nearly filled with cards—Leslie's uppermost one.

"I want to see her, Leslie. You would not love a girl so well if she were unworthy; and she cannot be anything but pure and sweet and lovely, to have thus inspired you. Ethel?"

What if the ride had been so kind to me and to you?"

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her usual quiet prudence; then she busied herself in little attentions around the room, while Georgia's sobs smote piteously on the still air.

Then, she took a stool—a soft, velvet ottoman—and placed it where Georgia's feet might rest on it; she threw a gorgeous-hued sofa affghan over her—with such unobtrusive kindness and thoughtfulness, that Georgia sobbed afresh at the acts.

"You are the only friend I have left, Amber—good, dear, faithful Amber!"

The servant-woman silently smoothed her lustrous hair, with a gentle, magnetic touch, that was positive balm to the overburdened woman.

"Sometimes I think if you only knew all I endure—Amber, you have known me ever since I came to Tanglewood bride. You know when—they took my baby out of your arms, Amber, to put it to nurse in the country; you never knew why that was done, did you? or, have you ceased to remember or care for my baby?"

She raised her bright, tear-pearled eyes, that were unduly radiant, to Amber's peaceful face.

"Forget little Miss Jessamine—my own little nurseling! Mrs. Lexington, I would forget my own-born boy as soon!"

Georgia caught the deaf, black hand in her own fevered fingers.

"I wouldn't wound you, my good old Amber; you have been too faithful, too true, these long, lonely years. I am yearning for somebody—oh! some one to listen to me, to pity me, to comfort me, to believe me! Amber! Amber! don't people go crazy sometimes from trouble?"

She threw off the affghan in an impulse of feverish excitement, and sprang to her feet in restless eagerness. Amber gave a quick, anxious look in her face.

"You can trust me—you know that; you know no one will trust you more freely than I will and do—even with that letter Philo took, against you."

She was so honest, so fearless, so truthful, this woman of forty, whom long association with Georgia had made a refined woman, had developed all her better nature.

Georgia's face paled, but her eyes never drooped as she met Amber's.

"Sit here, and let me tell you all—every-thing; I must speak, or I shall die."

Then and there, she made of Amber her sole confidante; she told her why Mr. Lexington had taken her baby Jessamine and given it to nurse to the woman who had let it die; she went on, in her pathetic, truthful story to the time when Lexington had left her all alone, for years and years; and how he returned; and the greeting she gave him; of her suspicions of Havelstock that were at times quieted by his perfect kindness and apparent honesty of purpose; of the frightful fact that Carleton Vincy was not dead, but came back to annoy and terrify her—that to him, after the meetings they had already had, the note was written that Philo had taken.

It did her infinite good—that unburdening herself to the faithful, discreet woman who had served her so many years, and Georgia felt a lightening of her gloomy skies when Amber laid her finger respectfully on her shoulder, as if to lend impressiveness to her re-
ply.

"It will all come right one of these days, Mrs. Lexington, and you will be the happier—you and your husband—for these seas you have waded through. But if you will permit me a word of advice, it is this—be very careful of what you say or do before Miss Wynn or her lover—if you want to keep your secret. Miss Ida, innocently, I think, would babble to Mr. Frank, and he—he is a snake in the grass, Mrs. Lexington. His eyes are all I want to see to convince me."

Georgia shivered as Amber thus verified her own deepest convictions.

"I believe you; I would not have him dream of Carleton Vincy's existence for a thousand fortunes. But, tell me, Amber, am I not right to see him to-night and for my husband's sake seek to further avert the knowledge of Vincy's existence from coming to him?"

Amber's grave, serene face was turned toward the floor, in thoughtful decision, for which Georgia patiently waited. In a moment Amber lifted her eyes.

"I think you are right in making one more effort to induce Mr. Vincy to leave this locality, dangerous as the attempt might possibly be. But, when you consider that you may succeed, when you know, in your own heart, the motive that governs you—the end surely justifies the means. Let me help you, Mrs. Lexington. Let me be your tried, true servant, through dangers and difficulties."

The tears sprung afresh to Georgia's eyes, and she grasped the firm, sable hand that was waiting to lift her along.

"If you knew how your calm, sensible courage comforted me! I accept your advice; I will depend entirely on you and I will come to you when I feel I need you."

It was a strange compact—this ally between the proud, high-bred woman, the envied wife of Theodore Lexington, the elegant hostess of Tanglewood, and the unknown, unbonored colored woman who, through years of faithfulness, and prudence and forethought, had proved herself worthy the friendship of the heart-sore woman who had not another friend in all the wide world.

A silence followed Georgia's words, while both were plunged in thought, broken by a low rap on the door, that Amber answered promptly, while Georgia, quaking with nervous, undefined fear, shrunk back to the lounge. It was, as Amber suspected, her son Philo, returned from his commission. She brought him inside the door, which she carefully closed.

"Well, my lad?"

Georgia raised on one elbow, in intent eagerness.

"I saw him, misses, and he laughed and said 'all right,' and gave me this for coming."

He displayed a twenty-five cent stamp, with an air of satisfaction.

"And no one saw you or stopped you?"

Georgia felt the hot blood rush to her face, but thus obliged to speak before the child.

"Nobody, ma'am."

"Give him some money, Amber—there are small bills in my portemonnaie. You are a faithful boy, Philo. Now go—and speak of your errand to no one."

The instant the door closed on him Georgia sprang to her feet, excitedly.

"Now, Amber, help me at once. I have not a moment to spare. First, hand me my little safe, and then lay out my dark blue serge suit. Only be quick, Amber."

She took the little iron safe on her lap—it was too heavy for her to hold comfortably, but her limbs were trembling as she felt she could not stand.

"If money will buy him off he shall have no cause to complain," she said to herself, as she hurriedly counted out the crisp bills that were folded neatly away; there were rolls of tens and twenties, beside several heavy checks

that she had no need as yet for requiring to be cashed.

She took out five hundred dollars and made it into a neat packet; then, in another parcel, she put five hundred more, with her hot, trembling fingers.

"If five hundred dollars will not induce me to leave me, forever, surely a thousand will. A thousand dollars only to let me alone! And Theodore Lexington would give a hundred times that much if I was where he believes Vincy to be—under the sod!"

In silence she permitted Amber to change her dress, and then she slipped the rolls of money in the pocket.

"Get my blue waterproof, and after I am gone lock both doors and admit no one—not that there is any danger of any one's troubling me, only I wish it. If Ida comes tell her I am sick. I am, heart-sick, nearly unto death."

Her great, woeful eyes looked almost unnatural as she glanced from under the hood of her waterproof; her hands trembled as she essayed to open the door, that Amber instantly fastened behind her.

She went silently down the side flight of stairs—one that no one used except on such rare occasions that discovery was almost impossible; she opened the heavy oaken door that was only fastened with a bolt, parted the threads of smilax that crept luxuriously across a trellis in front of the door, and hurried along in the dense shadow of the house, until she was completely out of reach of detection from any of the doors or windows. Then she took to the lonely path, and in a moment entered the little kiosk that marked the entrance to the Willow Copse.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 298.)

Happy Harry, THE WILD BOY OF THE WOODS;

OR,
The Pirates of the Northern Lakes.

BY OLL COOMES,
AUTHOR OF "IDAHOM," "DAKOTA DAN,"
"BOWIE-KNIFE BEN," "OLD HURRICANE,"
"HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A LUCKY SHOT.

HAPPY HARRY struggled as he never did before to escape the pursuing savages. There was no dodging them on the open water, as he could easily have done in the forest. Two miles or more separated him from the brig, and with the enemy but a short distance behind, he felt certain that nothing but the intervention of Providence could save him from being captured.

He was at home on the water, as well as on the land, and handled the paddle with all skill, but the pursuers had the advantage of him. They were in a six-oared barge that belonged to the brig-of-war—the same one in which Kirby Kale and a portion of the vessel's crew had escaped the trap set for them by the Americans.

The chase became one of fearful interest to both pursuers and pursued. The savages, ever and anon, uttered wild, terrific whoops calculated to strike terror to the fugitive's heart and paralyze his efforts. Belsazar stood up in the rear of his master's boat, and barked fiercely at the pursuing foe. Now and then Harry glanced back over his shoulder to note the proximity of his pursuers, and when he saw how rapidly the distance between them was lessening, his hope deserted him. But his courage never flinched, and he pressed on with all his might and main.

Suddenly he hears a voice yell out: "Stop! stop! you little wretch, or we will riddle you with bullets!"

It was the voice of Kirby Kale, but the youth paid no attention to the peremptory demand. He kept boldly on—his exertions redoubled by the discovery that the villain Kale was one of his pursuers.

The enemy could have slain Harry, but they stood so confident of capturing him alive that Kale forbade firing upon him. He had use for the boy, hence his desire that he be taken alive.

They finally ran clear of all the islands and stood out in plain view of the little war-vessel. But by this time the enemy were within a few rods of the young borderman, and Kale was screaming at the top of his lungs for him to stop and surrender, accompanying his demand with a threat. But this did not scare him at all. He pushed on until he saw that further efforts were useless, when he dropped his paddle, and rising to his feet, faced the enemy.

The next instant the prow of the swift-moving barge struck the canoe aft with a crash, splitting it almost in two. Both Happy Harry and his dog were precipitated into the water—both sinking from view. The dog soon rose to the surface and struck out for safety, un molested by the savages, who were on the alert for the appearance of Harry. But, to their wonder and surprise, the youth did not appear. The moments wore away into minutes—the extreme limits for human endurance beneath the water had expired, and still no boy arose to the surface.

The disappointed victors searched the waters far and near, suspecting an attempt to escape by swimming under water and rising some distance away, but nowhere could they see a sign of the boy. Aside from the waves circling out from the boat, the sea was still and the least object was visible for many rods around. Kale thought it impossible for Harry to have swam beneath the water beyond range of his vision; but to make certain of this, they began moving slowly outward in a circle, searching the water around them carefully. For half an hour they kept this up.

Kale shook his head in a puzzled manner. He could not exactly understand the mystery of the lad's disappearance. Even if he had been drowned, the body should have risen to the surface at least three times before sinking for the last time.

The sudden scream of a cannon-ball, followed by the sullen boom of the gun, started them. They glanced away toward the brig and saw a cloud of smoke rising from her deck.

"By heavens!" cried Kale, "they've opened fire on us from the brig, and it seems there is some one aboard of her who can handle a gun. We've got to get out of this and let that boy go. If he has gone to the bottom of the lake, the probability is that the dispatches he got from the English spy are with him. And then, come to think, he'd be a fool to be packing them around with him, if he has any idea of their value to the American people. But we had better return and help search for the maidens, Eleelah and the white girl."

"Hooh! Mucky-wee-lee come!" suddenly exclaimed an Ottawa chief.

All looked away behind them, and to their surprise, discovered the invincible Billy Muck-

ee coming around the island directly toward them in a small canoe. The man seemed to be exerting his utmost strength with the paddle, for the canoe fairly leaped through the water. The paddle rose and fell like the winnowing of a bird's wing. The water parted in great rollers on either side of the prow of the boat, while a line of frothy ripples marked the course behind for several rods.

"Something's wrong, red-skins," said Kirby Kale; "whenever you see Bill Muckelwee in a hurry, you may know something's up."

They rowed leisurely along toward him, and in a few minutes they came to, together. "What's the matter, Bill?" questioned the officer, "are you running away?"

"Whew!" puffed the renegade, mopping the perspiration from his face with his sleeve—"gi'me—breath, gol—dash—it—thunderation—gi'me breath!" he panted.

"What ails you, man?" asked Kale again.

"Whew—dash it! what are you fellers paddlin' round here—for, like a passel of nincompoops—whew! I found them gals, and if I'd'a' had help they'd'a' been in our possession now. But the dashed-on husseys yanked out a small shootin' iron each, and thrustin' the pishting thing under my nose, solicited me to vacate my position in their canoe; and, gentleman, I vacated in a dashed hurry. You may think me a coward by doin' so, but if you have been married, you know it is nothin' but bravado that d'a' kept me in the boat. I have been married, gentlemen, and I'll say right here that my wife has been married three times since we divorced, and every mother's boy of 'em sleeps 'neath the dasies to-day. So you see, I know somethin' bout female nacher. When a woman draws a pistol or a broom on you, and observes somethin' bout your retiring from her presence, you might as well retire. It's no use whinin'; an argyment in the shape of a pistol in a desperate woman's hand is conclusive, specially if she has the opposite side of the question. Dash take a woman, anyhow. They're the most necessary torture and bother that war ever inflicted on mankind. Any man'd be a dashed sight better off if he'd never seen a woman, and yet the dashed fools will be drawn toward the dod-dashed critters like as if they were a loadstone. As for me, gi'me a catamount, or gime death."

"Well, where are those girls now?" questioned Kale.

"I daresay they're aboard yonder brig—both of the dashed critters, red and white—wild-cat and painter."

Kirby Kale uttered a fearful oath.

"A pretty set of fools we're getting to be," he growled, savagely, "to let a boy have defeated us for a week right along. All this trouble—the loss of your brig and the escape of these captives, are all directly owing to that boy. And here we sit like a parcel of fools under the very muzzle of our own cannot in the hands of our enemy, both boy and girl lost."

"What boy you talkin' bout bein' lost, cap'n?" asked Muckelwee, a queer light flashing in his wicked eyes; "do you mean that dashed young Happy Harry devil?"

"Yes; we ran afoul of him awhile ago and mashed his canoe; he sprang out into the water and sunk, and to save our souls we can't find him dead or alive."

"Ho! ho! haw!" roared Muckelwee, slapping his knee and shaking his head in a paroxysm of merriment; "oh-ho, Lord dash it! if that arn't the best thing that I ever seed since the mule kicked Mrs. Muckelwee into the middle of the followin' week. Can't find that boy? Ho, ho, ho; dash my old picters, if that arn't the dee-lightfullest joke out! Why, Kirby Kale! that boy's within arm's reach of you this holy, sanctified minute. Just look over under the edge of your flaring old barge, and you'll see that owdacious young dare-devil cozily tucked away under there!"

Captain Kale leaned over the edge of the boat and peered under its flaring sides; and to his wonder and surprise, beheld the object of his late search concealed there within half an arm's reach of him. In an instant the whole truth flashed through his mind: when the boy rose to the surface he came up directly under the projecting side of the canoe unseen, and had been there, clinging on like a barnacle while the savages were paddling around in search of him.

"Oh-ho! my young imp!" hissed Kale, "your cunning and deviltry are worthy of a better cause; but, young man, you—"

He did not finish the sentence, for a cannon ball from the brig came skimming along the surface of the lake and struck the barge a little forward, cutting its end squarely off, and silverying the canoe in which Muckelwee was standing to splinters. One savage was killed outright, and all others in the boats were instantly plunged into the cold water.

No attention was given to Happy Harry, the author of their troubles, but, side by side, all battled the element that threatened their very existence.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE GIANT'S STORY.

HAPPY HARRY experienced no difficulty in keeping afloat upon the waves. He seemed as familiar with the waves as with the intricate mazes of the woods. He turned upon his back and appeared to move along as easily as if propelled by the volition of his will rather than by physical exertion.

Muckelwee shouted and spouted as though he were drowning. He called for help at the top of his lungs. Harry laughed at him, his clear, boyish voice pealing forth his enjoyment of the other's predicament.

"Oh, great, Lord dash it!" the struggling renegade blubbed, "if I only could get hold of that young boy-devil! I'd stain these waters with his blood—I'd squash him to thunder."

"Here I be," cried Harry, as he shot past the struggling villain, and kicked a sheet of water into his face, causing him to gasp for breath.

The man uttered a fearful oath as soon as he got his breath. It was all he could do toward avenging the insult. He had enough to do in finding more than he could successfully accomplish, to keep above water.

Happy Harry, however, never considering the possibility of the failure of his strength before he could reach land, amused himself among his struggling enemies in a manner that reminded one of the sparrows fighting the hawks. He glided to and fro among them, now dousing a red-skin's head under water, pulling his scalp-lock, or throwing himself upon a broad, upturned back.

Kirby Kale came in for a share of the youthful Leander's persecutions. Harry took a position in front of the English captain and kicked the water into a perfect foam around him, enveloping the captain's head in a torrent. Kale dared not open his mouth for fear of being strangled; he dare not attempt to seize the youth for fear he would have more than he could manage, and so he could do nothing but turn aside.

Thus matters lasted for some time when a succession of waves began rolling over the swimmers. They came down from the northeast. Harry glanced along the surface of the water, and to his joy and surprise saw the brig "Scout," bearing down upon them. On board he could distinguish the tall form and long, white whiskers of his giant friend, Long Beard.

The youth threw up his hand and shouted. A moment later he saw a boat lowered and six armed men, under Lieutenant Philip Reeder, put out toward him. Kale saw the enemy approaching but neither he nor Muckelwee attempted to get away. Captivity to them was better than drowning.

"Great, hoppin' hornits, lieutenant!" exclaimed Harry as the boat approached, mopping the perspiration from his face with his sleeve—"gi'm

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Jack Harkaway Rivalled!

To commence in our next number,
FERGUS FEARNNAUGHT;
OR,
The Boys of New York.

A STORY OF THE BY-STREETS AND THOROUGHFARES.

BY GEORGE L. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "FALSE FACES," "ROLL, THE
RECKLESS," ETC., ETC.

The Boys of New York—their ways, habits, haunts—their strange life and modes of securing a living—their odd language and odder sports by day and sources of occupation by night—give to this

Most Delightful of Story-Tellers

a most genial subject, where the creations of a fertile fancy are more than paralleled by the realism of the life and the perfect individualism of the characters which these *gamins* and "Arabs" offer. In the hero of that romance we are presented with

A NOTED KNIGHT-ERRANT OF THE CURBS,
a boy celebrated equally for his spirit, his beauty, his integrity and his intelligence, yet a very prince of street vagabonds, a familiar with only street characters, and in whose comings and goings we are brought face to face with much of the queerest, strangest phases of the unrecorded life of the Great City, introducing, beside Fergus,

"Cockroach," the Bootblack,
"Knockemhigher," the Butcher-boy,
"Rowdy Rube," the Fighting Newsboy,
"Loose Lemons," the Pawnbroker's Son,
Little "Ben Gummy," the Italian Fiddler,
Clint Styesant, the Boy with the Stamps,
"Ragged Terry," the Curbside Gambler,

all of whom are types of the rascallions and Bedouins who confront you everywhere in the great metropolis. These seeming outcasts and apparent vagabonds are by no means a to-be-despised and condemned class, as this story will, in its delineation to the life, show. They are a peculiar race from whom graduate many a good business-man—whoes hard, rough and terrible fight with fate oftentimes only serves, as in the case of Fergus, to bring out truly heroic qualities. Fergus is a waif, around whose history there is a mystery which the romance develops, involving persons of influence and wealth; and in unravelling the mystery we have a

Story of Deepest Interest and Excitement, wherein the Lovely Woman of the Icy Heart, and Little Fleda, the Girl of the Tenement, are deeply-concerned participants.

It is by far Mr. Aiken's most telling and taking romance, and one which all who love stories of real life will read with unalloyed delight!

Sunshine Papers.

A Trip Out of Town.

I INTENDED introducing you, to-day, to a representative bundle-tier of the female persuasion, if she could be found, and some representative little day-travelers. But, as I had occasion to take a brief hundred-mile trip to one of the bleakest domains of our State, I decided to ask you to accompany me, and make the acquaintance of these occasional travelers, my fellow-passengers. There are not many of them.

The car is uncomfortably warm, and not at all new in appearance. Indeed, one might imagine it had grimly stood aside in some dark corner to watch the inroads of new inventions and patents, until, at length, indignant with the frivolities of glaring velvets, spring-seats, fancy racks, steam-heating apparatus, patent ventilators, and artistic frescoes, it had forced itself again upon the company's use with a stern and uncompromising display of its strength and durability, and experience and superiority generally "to them new-fangled kind of cars."

Like most old foggies, it seems to take fiendish delight in its general uncomfortable unlikeness to what we are more accustomed. But the conductor, with a kindly forgetfulness of modern women's entire ability to paddle their own canoe, conveys us and our shawl strap—you know we should forswear our sex if we traveled without a bundle—to as nice a seat as the dingy conveyance affords, and we are established about the center of the car. And this suggests a trick well-known to regular railroaders, and that is worth any one's remembering who has a long distance to ride by rail. The middle cars of a train, and the central seats of cars, are the best places to choose for easy journeying, because the least motion of the train is felt near its center, and the least jar of the wheels at the middle of the car. Also, my *compagnons du voyage* may like to know that they can open a window, and not be annoyed by dust or cinders by placing a book under it uprightly, nearest the engine, and projecting a trifle from the car.

Well, are we safely ensconced in our places? Now for a look about us. A family occupy two seats back of us—a family of four, with traps enough for a dozen; traditional big bundle,

little bundle and bandbox, beside unclassified bundles, wraps, baskets and paper-bags full of provisions. They are country people, who have been to town to spend the holidays. The father is a meek individual, who appears to fully appreciate the honor done him by his buxom wife when she consented to occupy that position. She is a woman who should have been a man, or have been born a half-century later. She is endowed with such executive ability. Just note with what supreme skill she reads the daily paper amid the clamoring of her two fractious offspring, and issues her commands to her assistant. "Mr. Jones, just give Walter a cracker." "Mr. Jones, why don't you put down that weekly and take Emma's cloak off?" "Mr. Jones, the children want those picture-papers. How can you be wanting to read them?" "Mr. Jones, just take the seat back and let Emma sit by me." "Mr. Jones, give the children some candy." And he, too, is a man ahead of the times. He obeys all his spouse's mandates, while she reads the chances of a third-term policy, with a becoming humility that makes him a model man for the twentieth century. Strange some will will insist upon being introduced into the world prematurely. Ah, Mr. Jones is collecting the traps now, and the admirable Mrs. Jones is reluctantly folding her paper. Good-by.

What a level of farm-lands, blocked out with interminable lengths of rail-fences, we are rushing through! Nature within the car is quite as interesting as outside of it, just now.

Have you noticed that Miss in the seat ahead of us, in the navy-blue cassimere suit, with its silk trimmings, and the charming little hat and dark gloves? Pretty, isn't she with her fair, wavy hair, bound in a looped braid at the back? There is a certain style and quiet of manners about her that bespeak her well-bred. She is absorbed in a book, and the panorama of flying woodlands and meadows, alternately; but pays no heed to any one around her. She is going to some quiet village where a favorite aunt or grandparent lives, to take a package or two before she returns to some distant school.

And that lady with the child, a few seats in front, is going where her own childhood, not so very long past, was spent, to show the little one to Grandma. What a tiny mischief it is, to be sure. That man across the aisle is alluring it to him with the display of a pocket-compass. Is he a sea-faring man? His face is brown enough, but his hands are too white. He has won the little maiden now, and claims her affection with lead pencils, gold penholder and case, keys, pocket-map, etc. He has a roll of illustrations and a sachet; evidently he is an "agent," a kindly man, and fond of children.

A man across the aisle rolls up his coat-sleeve and the pain was so severe you couldn't keep it there one-half minute; it came clear through. I almost wished that arm had been honorably lost in the war. That arm hurt me all the way from the shoulder to Philadelphia, in a way which was all my most bitter enemy could desire. I never had anything to hurt my feelings half so bad. I began to see where I had made a mistake in not having a wooden arm. If I could have put it in a sling I would have slung it away.

I couldn't sleep. It made me lie awake all night and groan at my wife, and it was very inconvenient in day-time, for I was obliged to lay my boy across my knee and spank him with my left hand, which wasn't so used to it as my right.

I never had anything to hurt me so since my father used to take me into the cellar with a switch where we could have the fun to our selves.

You could put your hand on my coat-sleeve and the pain was so severe you couldn't keep it there one-half minute; it came clear through.

I almost wished that arm had been honorably lost in the war. That arm hurt me all the way from the shoulder to Philadelphia, in a way which was all my most bitter enemy could desire. I never had anything to hurt my feelings half so bad. I began to see where I had made a mistake in not having a wooden arm. If I could have put it in a sling I would have slung it away.

I used to sit up nights and take that arm in my lap and tenderly nurse it for hours, although I never trotted it much—not much, I didn't.

I couldn't work my elbow any more than I could work the elbow of a stove-pipe, and it was just stuffed full of ashes and bulged out.

I was mad at everybody a good deal more than all the time, and so much out of humor with myself that I wouldn't look in the looking-glass.

One of the worst features of the case was I could not eat only with my left hand; it was an awful drawback, especially when at the table I had always thought two hands insufficient. Now I had to sit at the table two or three hours, and then get up from the table hungry. It was very discouraging.

I tell you what is a fact, when I would hang my coat on the wall the right sleeve would be seen scragging and drawing out of shape from the pains which were left in it, and I would be obliged to shake it before I hung it up.

If I could have lain that arm up on the mantelpiece when I went to bed at night it would have been a blessed, a very blessed thing.

I tried every liniment that ever linimented; nothing would do a bit of good, except brandy and cold water—one was applied externally—until I bandedge the arm with last year's medical almanacs and then the rheumatism left; that is to say it jumped from my arm on to my back, and done too often to be passed over without some note or comment. Yes, my dear, and it is done, too, by those very persons who would have you imagine them to be patterns of neatness. I have also observed that another time taken for sweeping is when you are making pie-crusts and waiting for the oven to heat. Of course, everybody knows that dust cannot stick to dough. If people do not know that, then they must like dust and dough better than I do. I am like the man who makes pie-crusts and the rheumatism left; that is to say it jumped from my arm on to my back, and I couldn't shake it off worth a cent. It was the worst load I ever carried, and it nearly bent me double.

Scratching my back up against a post didn't seem to do any good at all. If I could have fallen down stairs and broken my back I believe I would have done it if that would have done any good.

It was a very hungry rheumatism and seemed to be gnawing my bones all to pieces. I began to wish I hadn't any bones in my body.

I kicked an insurance agent out of the house, upset the stand and looked cross at my wife, but all this did not effect a cure. I seemed to be tied up in a double knot, and I despaired of ever being untied.

I had more misery to the square minute than I ever imagined in a whole hour.

A mustard-plaster couldn't draw that rheumatism and a sketcher couldn't sketch it.

I looked around and tried to find a cheap man who would buy me at a great discount on its original cost.

I was advised to go to a water-cure, but I had been once there and got so thoroughly cured of water that it almost threw me into the hydrophobia to look at it. Some told me to go to California, some told me to go to Florida; my wife said if I didn't stop grunting and growling I might go to Sing Sing with her permission, for she said between the rheumatism and me she would prefer the former, but I could not get my back up at the remark.

I tried all the remedies in the known world and a few from the unknown, and at last chased it into my left shoulder; then I ran it into my left ankle and couldn't kick at anybody with that foot, nor stand on that to kick with the other, so you see I was in a very uncomfortable position.

I thought since it had got that low that I might succeed in running it into the ground, but it threw out ballast and rose to my knee. It was the most exciting chase that ever occurred on this continent, even in the time of the Indians. It ran up and down me, almost destroying my physical system, and my moral system, besides reducing my religion twenty per cent.

My wife's relatives said there was no living at my house, and went so far as to threaten to pack their trunks if I didn't quiet down; but that was about as far as they went.

Finally I managed to get that rheumatism in my mouth, and spit it out to my great joy and relief.

will die before the year is out. Why don't they pay attention to the warning that if you will persist in wearing paper-soled boots of a wet day you might as well be securing a lot in some graveyard, for they are a pretty sure sign that death is not a great many years off; or, that tight boots are forerunner of corns. There are a number of "signs" that you will not find in the dream-book, which, nevertheless, are so true and sure "to come to pass," that they would make the dream-book frightfully earnest and practical.

We observe girls toiling their very lives out in shop and factory, and not getting much more than enough to eke out a living, yet who are not willing to live in a family where they would have enough to eat and would be able to lay up a few dollars. Their pitiful excuse is that they would not have the same liberty in house-service that they now enjoy. Well, to me their "liberty" seems very limited, and they are enjoying that liberty at the cost of their health. How much liberty does one have who is at the mercy of a hard taskmaster, and who is only too anxious to fine you for every tardy moment, and for every piece of real or imaginary poor work. Liberty! Bah!

EVE LAWLESS.

There is no use of making any bones over the rheumatism.

I used to be well versed in mathematics, numatics, etc., but the study of rheumatism beats them all.

I am able to eat three meals a day now, but how in time to improve.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Mr. Will C. Carlton, writing on from Washington, has to say:

"Allow me at the close of this year, to express to you my hearty thanks for your very kind interest in reading your paper. I have tried to interest every one of the story papers now in existence in the U. S., and have at last settled down to the belief that the SATURDAY JOURNAL is not surpassed or even equalled by any other paper."

To the many friends, and especially to the authors of eminence whose good opinion we highly prize, who have sent us their kindly New Year's greetings, we say "thank you." The New Year promises to be one of great prosperity for the JOURNAL.

Topics of the Time.

The French Prince Imperial is said to be in bad health. His eyes are failing, and they are symptoms of the constitutional infirmity from which once made her the most beautiful woman in Paris. She is sharp-featured, wrinkled, and her hair is now streaked with gray, which she does not try to disguise. She is a strong, resolute, and still ambitious woman, but if her son becomes deposed all hopes of a restoration of the Napoleonic dynasty must perish forever.

Charles Dickens said that "the first revelation of the dry-rot in men is a tendency to lurking and lounge; to be at street corners without intelligible reason; to be going anywhere when met; to be about many places rather than any; to do nothing tangible, but to have an intention of performing a number of tangible duties tomorrow or the day after." And Charles Dickens hit the nail on the head when he said it. This dry-rot affects not men alone but women, too. A woman who knows no usefulness at all, and lives an idle, dawdling life is sure to be decaying at heart. The bustling, busy, energetic woman, who ever and always has something to do, and how to do it, is not troubled with the disease of dry-rot, especially if she is as far from her infirmity. Given as the woman who is without something to do that ought to be done—the woman who always has a duty to execute and has ready hands for the task—and we will show you two worshipful persons. Where the word whim is as abhorrent as a wart on the end of a pretty girl's nose there is hope; where the whim is a favorite form of expression, the word "common nuisance" should be written over the door.

A correspondent who wants all good things to appear in the SATURDAY JOURNAL, sends us the following: A wag once thought to get a joke on a friend who could not sound R, when he asked him to repeat the following: "Robert gave Richard a rap on the ribs for roasting the rabbit so rare," which he did thus: "Bobby gave Dick a thump in the side for cooking the bonny so little."

A considerable number of Americans now hold important commands in the army of the Kiedive of Egypt. Among them, Col. Long, who is now "annexing" all of Africa in the vicinity of the equator, on the East coast, to the Kiedive's dominions. A late letter from him, written at Omdurman, from the mouth of the river Juba, says among other things, "The country abounds in elephants, lions, tigers, zebras, and ostrich, one of the latter of which danced in front of my column much to the amusement and diversion of my men. I have already, with two companies of infantry and a battery of artillery, marched upon Juba and there established camp. The river Juba is a large stream with powerful current coming for two or three hundred miles, perhaps from a range of mountains in Abyssinia. The river is filled with hippopotami and crocodiles, the latter of which prevent bathing, and are so audacious as to attack men upon the river bank." Good places for sport—only it's a good way off; and fever, ticks, flies, and the worst kind of "niggers," might change the hunt into a search for a dry spot of ground big enough for a grave.

Pullman palace cars have been introduced in England, France, Russia, Germany, and now the train of Pullman cars has come. American inventions are becoming a source of great richness to Old World commerce and industry. What with our sewing-machines, reapers, fire-arms, kerosene and lamps, printing presses, cheap jewelry, etc., "those confounded Yankees" have gained a powerful trade status in the great trade centers of Europe; and now to see American cars, locomotives, pianos, carriages, etc., everywhere in favor over there is unquestionable suggestive to European handicrafts.

Three New York young ladies are to marry noblemen during the ensuing year. They are Miss Duncan, daughter of William Butler Duncan; Miss Stevens, daughter of the late Parsons Stevens, and Miss Whittemore, daughter of Israel Whittemore. All the weddings are to be celebrated abroad. Add this item to the one above, relating to the adoption of American goods and manufactures in Europe, and we have additional evidence of the popularity of the Yankee abroad. Our women are, by all just observers, rated to be the most beautiful, graceful, spirited, and intelligent of all women who frequent the social centers of Europe.

Dan Mace, the horse-trainer, in an article in Wilkes' *Spirit of the Times*, on the great racing season, makes some rather startling assertions regarding his speed. We repeat: "On the day that she met with the accident that disabled her for life, there was no horse in the world that was able to make a race with her. This, I know, sounds like talk, and talk is cheap; but you may put it down as an absolute certainty that on that day Lady Thorne could trot a mile in 2:10 in harness, or 2:15 to wagon. I will not say how much faster than this the old mare could trot. I never saw her trot a full mile at her best once, and there are two other men living beside myself who can tell how fast that was, but I shall never tell, and it is probable that they will not. It was so fast it would not be credited by the public, and so we agreed that we would never mention the fact."

He will say this much: It was a faster gait for the whole mile than I ever saw kept up by any other horse for a single quarter." The natural query arises, if the mare could trot in 2:10 why didn't she do it in some one of her many contests?

The end of that ungainly animal, the Texas steer, is near at hand. Soon his long horns and angular frame will no longer support him, and the shorthorn is fast supplanting him. Thousands of bulls of improved blood have been taken not only into Texas, but into Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas, Dakota, and other places where the Texas cow was the only available stock with which to start an improved herd. After the young stock become old enough to breed, the Texan cattle are marketed, and we are now "running the empties," so to speak, of the Texans. Even the Indians are improving their Cherokee stock in the same manner. Two or three years more the main bulk of the cattle will be the shorthorn grades and a great and steady demand will be made for the eastern breeds for bulls for breeding. Not for fat steers, but for equally good, but less "fashionable," pure shorthorns. The present outbreak is altogether in favor of stock raising as the most profitable branch of farming, both in the east and west; and it is certain that there is no other that is less exhaustive to the man.

Wilson Stewart, Glastonbury, writes: "

TRANSIENT JOYS.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Transient as the clouds of summer
All my joys do stray from me,
Like the sweetness which a flower
Gives unto the truant bee;

So the sweet joyously dover,
It remains and goes from me,

Transient as the clouds of summer.

Like the hurrying of a stream
All the gladness that no flows;

While it gives murmurs, I give sighs,

On my cheek grows pale the roses,

And sorrow's tears come to mine eyes

While each fairy vision goes

Like the hurrying of a stream.

Slow as clouds of winter vanish
Do my pains of sorrow go;

Darkening every smiling gleam;

Ever rests their gloomy shadow

Long like winter's frozen stream,

They hot with the morrow go,

But like clouds of winter vanish.

A Loyal Heart.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

PAULINA RUSSELL LION!

The fair cheek of Lionel Somers flushed visibly.

He had a complexion like a woman's, but that was the only effeminate feature about him. For the rest, he was a good-looking young fellow with a golden beard and sunnyside eyes, and an erect carriage to his six feet of stalwart manhood, and a simple honesty of nature which made him a favorite with men and women alike. It was that trait which first attracted Vint Rivers, himself *blaise* at thirty, a cynic who found no good thing upon the earth. He took a liking to the young fellow, which was half pity for him. He thought that fresh, buoyant nature of his must lose by contact with the world, that he must find how hollow its pretensions were, and come at last to being artificial himself like all the rest of it. Lion answered that shocked exclamation in a tone half-defiant, half-deprecating.

"She is a lovely girl and a true artist. I will have gained the crowning blessing of my life; if I am denied that I will still be a better man, if a sadder one, for having known her. Oh, Vint! Vint Rivers!" passionately, "if you are as truly my friend as I have believed her, stand by me in this as I would stand by you if the case was reversed."

"But this is worse than I apprehended for you, Lion—that you have fallen a prey to that woman. Have you thought at all? Little need of asking. When did a man ever think where doing so might save him?"

"How bitter you are and how cruelly prejudiced! You do not know Paulina. When you see her once you will understand better."

"She bears the reputation of being as fatal as she is brilliant, as ambitious as she is heartless. She has talent of a high order and she has perverted it. She has shown what she can do in the more elevated fields of art, yet she devotes herself to portrait-painting, in which she does not excel. She is extortionate in her demands and miserly in her habits, in all except self-expeditious where her extravagance is notable. She is a woman whose name is in every man's mouth, whose very charms that have allure you are freely discussed in public places; places where the fairest reputation cannot be handled and escape unnoticed."

"I fall in love with her," echoed Rivers, with a scornful laugh at that stupendous joke. "Your wits have gone wool-gathering, sure enough. Besides, love is not the thing which will prevail with your enchantress. I have more money than you have, and there lies my sole advantage. What do you say to my making the trial?"

"I have no power to prevent it; I wish I had," said Lion, moodily. "Heaven knows I have had no encouragement from her. If she were really what you think her, Vint, she would not seek to discourage me as she has done."

"The artifice of a clever woman. She knows you well enough to be sure that simulated indifference on her part will add fuel to your flame; and if, meantime, that richer party appears in the field, you will be the first to exonerate her for throwing you over in the end. She is astute; she does not lose the opportunity of making friends of her victims."

Lion was turning his back upon his friend in disgust, when his glance fell upon Miss Russell herself, standing near them. Rivers' hand touched his shoulder, and he looked smilingly into the young man's face.

"The situation does not require that expression of dismay. She is talking with Cadwallader, you see; she has not overheard us. And don't look so vexed, Lion. If I have spoken plainly, give me credit for good intentions. It is because I have your welfare at heart that I intend to test the stuff of which your enchantress is made. I would rather not see the mercenary coquette I think her to be for my friend's wife, and the event will prove if I have misjudged her."

"So it would seem since you have received such an impression. I repeat, you do not know her. I will not be angry if you will go to Mrs. St. Gerard's with me and be undeceived."

"My dear Lion, I renounced party-going along with other youthful follies ages ago."

"But this is not an ordinary party, Vint; it is a gathering of celebrities among whom you will not be bored. I have faith in your discrimination; I want you to see her and tell me what I lack to make me more worthy of her regard."

"Is your case so bad as that? Then I will go, but I tell you, frankly, it is in the hope of disenchanted you. You deserve a better fate than to be numbered among the victims of Paulina Russell; all the more a victim if you should chance to be a favored one."

I have said that Vint Rivers was *blaise* at thirty, but he was also rich and had both tact and talent; so he was welcomed with *empressement* by Mrs. St. Gerard, who had a penchant for lions and was pleased to consider him one. Not that he had ever done anything to warrant that honorable supposition, but it was conceded that he might have attained greatness had he desired. Questioned by Miss Russell regarding him, the hostess gave that information as she asked and obtained permission to present him, and the gentleman, standing near, overheard.

"I do not claim recognition on my own merits," he said, smilingly, when the ceremony was over. "I trust Miss Russell may receive me better as Lionel's friend."

"As Lionel's friend I have been desirous of meeting Mr. Rivers."

The undue emphasis and the seeming frankness of that speech disconcerted him. Did she suspect with what motive that friendship had led to his seeking her? Her face gave no sign.

"Lion would esteem himself honored by your preference, and I am tempted for the first time to envy him. I might be tempted to rival him if I dared hope it would avail."

She gave a childishly petulant gesture, then laughed outright. "Pardon my rudeness," she said, "but I dislike platitudes, while compliments are only permissible where they are sincere."

"As Lion's are," he was provoked into saying.

"As Lion's are," she repeated, lifting steady, it seemed a searching, glance to his face.

It was uncomfortable ground for Mr. Rivers.

"Do you know," said he, a little awkwardly, "I have both known and admired you—sincerely, Miss Russell—in Enchanting Distance?"

Instantly her face softened.

"It is my best work," she said. "I like to think that I rendered the subject faithfully?"

"You did. The one side of the mountain spur with its trees like waving ferns, its foaming, broken cascade and golden tints breaking the blue haze is deliciously suggestive of coolness and peace, while the travelers struggling up the other side, climbing almost perpendicular heights in the blinding heat, with flesh and clothing torn by the brambles, stumbling over reptiles and beset by clouds of gnats, make a strong contrast. They have overcome the distance and found the reality. I wonder," he said, abruptly, "that you ever abandoned landscape painting after making one such success."

"Because, like my travelers, I live in reality. They are gold-hunters, so am I. Fame

is a very pleasant thing in prospective, Mr. Rivers, but I prefer plenty in the present, and so work for money instead. Speaking of fame, has not Lion a promising future before him?"

"The future is always more promising than certain, I fancy."

"He has genius, he has application; and there is everything in concentrating one's thoughts upon a grand object. You, as his friend, should urge him to let no other consideration come between his heart and his work."

"No consideration?" asked Rivers, pointedly.

"None," said Miss Russell. Was this woman, who he had heard it said never spared a victim, really warning Lion through him to keep his thoughts free of her? Next moment he smiled at his own crudity. She knew him to be Lion's friend, and divined that his influence would be exerted against herself; this was a clever feint to disarm his opposition.

Mr. Rivers had come to Mrs. St. Gerard's for no other purpose than to study Miss Russell, and all his observations tended to confirm him in the opinion he had already formed of her. He gave it to Lion in rather uncompromising terms when the two met later in the evening.

"You are determined to do her injustice," said the latter, disappointedly.

"I fancy I could prove to you the justice of all I assert if I were so minded. Tell me, will this folly of yours stop at nothing short of seeking her as your wife?"

"I will win her as such if it be in my power."

"If she marries you it will be because no richer rival presents himself. Believe it or not, I could go in and cut you out myself if I chose."

"It is possible. Oh, I know I am not worthy such a prize," cried the love-smitten young fellow, in all humble sincerity. "And you, Rivers, you are a polished man of the world, and you have a heart in you, though you take so much trouble to convince yourself and others that you lack one. If you should fall in love with Paulina I should despair indeed."

"I fall in love with her," echoed Rivers, with a scornful laugh at that stupendous joke. "Your wits have gone wool-gathering, sure enough. Besides, love is not the thing which will prevail with your enchantress. I have more money than you have, and there lies my sole advantage. What do you say to my making the trial?"

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His interlocutor made some causal reply, and walked away feeling almost stunned. 3009 — street was Paulina's number; he knew the house and its inmates, and was convinced that the order had come from her. Lo! she was an inebriate. This explained much

which had puzzled him—her variable spirits, her haggardness at times, the mysterious disturbances, and the foreign domestics who could not gossip of the doings of their mistress were they so inclined.

But Lion, youthful hot-head that he was, refused absolutely to believe any evil of her.

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"So it would seem since you have received such an impression. I repeat, you do not know her. I will not be angry if you will go to Mrs. St. Gerard's with me and be undeceived."

"My dear Lion, I renounced party-going along with other youthful follies ages ago."

"But this is not an ordinary party, Vint; it is a gathering of celebrities among whom you will not be bored. I have faith in your discrimination; I want you to see her and tell me what I lack to make me more worthy of her regard."

"Is your case so bad as that? Then I will go, but I tell you, frankly, it is in the hope of disenchanted you. You deserve a better fate than to be numbered among the victims of Paulina Russell; all the more a victim if you should chance to be a favored one."

I have said that Vint Rivers was *blaise* at thirty, but he was also rich and had both tact and talent; so he was welcomed with *empressement* by Mrs. St

And all my friends have been quite well since I left, Erminie!"

"Yes, all. If you had arrived ten minutes sooner, you would have seen Pet. She has just gone."

"Well, I will shortly have that pleasure. How tall you have grown, and how you have changed since I saw you last, Erminie!"

He meant more the emphatic and undefinable change from childhood to womanhood, than that of her looks. Perhaps Erminie understood him, for she said, laughing:

"Not for the worse, I hope. You, too, have changed, Master Ranty."

"Well, not much, I think; I have grown five or six feet taller, and my complexion has become a gentler brown; but, otherwise, I am the same Ranty Lawless I went away."

"A little quieter, I should hope, for the peace and well-being of the community at large. Do you still retain the high opinion you had of yourself before you left?"

"Yes, slightly increased," said Ranty, who had now recovered all his customary nonchalance of manner. "There was a little lady out with us from England whose precious life I had the pleasure of saving; and with whose raven eyes and coal-black hair I would have fallen in love, but for the thought of a dear little blue-eyed fairy at home, who promised to wait for me until I could come back. Do you remember that promise, Erminie?"

"I only remember you were very absurd," said Erminie, laughing and blushing. "Don't talk nonsense; but tell me how you were so fortunate as to save the lady's life?"

"Well, one windy evening, a little before dark, this little Lady Rita, who by the way, though the haughtiest, sauciest young damsel I ever encountered, was quite courageous, came upon deck, and insisted on remaining there, in spite of all expostulations to the contrary. She was leaning over the side, and I was standing near, watching her, for want of something better to do, when the vessel gave a sudden lurch round. I heard a scream, and beheld the place where her little ladyship had lately stood vacant. I caught sight of her the next moment struggling in the waves; and, in a twinkling, I was in after her. Lady Rita, who had hitherto looked down upon me and all the rest of us with sublime hauteur and vestal prudery, made not the slightest objection to be caught in my arms now; on the contrary, she held on with an energy that nearly strangled me. A boat was lowered, and we were fished up, clinging to each other, as if bound to hold on to the last gasp. Lady Rita, according to the incomprehensible custom of the female sex in general, faint stone dead the moment she found herself in safety. It's interesting to faint, and I was looking round for a nice place to follow her example; but upon second thoughts I concluded I wouldn't. There were no nice young ladies round who understood my case; and to be tickled with burnt feathers, and be drenched with cold water by a lot of sailors, was not to be thought of. Lady Rita was carried to the cabin; and a great fuss and commotion reigned there for the next two or three hours, while I was taking life easy, smoking a cigar on deck. Then the earl, her 'parent,' made his appearance, and completely deluged me with gratitude and thanks, which stood like a hero, until the countess also came. Her tears and protestations of everlasting gratitude were a little too much, and I fled. I blush to say it, but I beat an inglorious retreat, for, though things one easily gets a surfeit of."

"Why, Ranty, you have sailed in high company lately," said Erminie; "earl and countess—dear me! I begin to feel quite an awe of you."

"So you ought; and I hope you'll continue to cherish the feeling. But, Erminie, do you know—that, as you have never seen him, it's likely you don't—but you have the most wonderful resemblance to Lord De Courcy I ever behold in my life."

"Lord De Courcy!" exclaimed Erminie, growing pale as she remembered Keturah's fearful denunciations against all who bore that name.

"Yes, Lord and Lady De Courcy are at present in Washington City. The earl says he always felt a desire to visit this country; but, hitherto, circumstances prevented him.

The countess is a lovely woman—one of the most beautiful, I think, I ever saw; and as good as she is beautiful, every one says."

"I have heard of her before," said Erminie, in a low, subdued tone. "Mr. Toosypes saw her many years ago, when he was in England.

At least, I imagine it was her; for she was the wife of the old earl's son, and Mr. Toosypes says that since the death of his father he has been Lord De Courcy."

"Yes, so he has," said Ranty; "he was then Lord Villiers; but really, Minnie, your likeness to him is quite wonderful."

"Well, it is not unusual for strangers to resemble one another; though I suppose I ought to feel flattered by looking in the remotest degree like one so great and distinguished. How much I should like to see them both!" said Erminie, musingly. "I have heard so much about them from Mr. Toosypes, and—another, that my curiosity is quite excited. And their daughter—this Lady Rita—was that what you called her? By the way, Ranty, I never heard they had a daughter."

"Yes, they had two; the oldest died, I believe, when a child; and Lady Rita—well, some say she is not their daughter, but an adopted child. I don't know how that my be; though, certain it is, she does not look like either of them—not half so much as you do, Erminie. Both of them have very fair complexions, while Lady Rita is as dark as a creole. The countess, to be sure, has dark hair and eyes; but still her haughty little daughter does not resemble her in the least."

"Do they remain here long?" said Erminie, half musingly. "Oh, Ranty, how much I should like to see them!"

"Well, perhaps you may; in the overflowing of their gratitude, they made me promise to visit them *en famille*, while they remained; and if you'll only consent to keep your promise, and become Mrs. Lawless, why, you can come with me, and I know they will be delighted to welcome my wife."

"Nonsense, Ranty," said Erminie, a little impatiently, "how absurd you are! I am not to be accountable for your silly talk when we parted, I hope!"

"Well, all I have to say about it is, that there will be a case of 'breach of promise' up before the court one of these days, if you attempt to back out. Are you prepared to pay me five or six thousand dollars damages, as a plaster for my wounded feelings, may I ask, Miss Germaine?"

"As if your affections were worth one-tenth that sum, Mr. Lawless! Now, do be sensible, if you can, and tell me how long you are going to stay home."

"As to being sensible, Miss Germaine, I flatten myself I am that now; and my stay, or departure, must depend in a great measure on you."

"Now, Ranty, I shall get angry if you don't

stop being so nonsensical!" said Erminie, flushing slightly. "I did hope going to see would have put a little sense into your head; but I perceive it has had quite a contrary effect. I wish you could see Ray. These six years have made him as grave and thoughtful as a judge. I expect he will be quite famous in his profession yet."

"Well, I wish him joy of it," said Ranty. "But how any man can reconcile it to his conscience to be a lawyer, while honest, straightforward piracy is flourishing in the South Seas, and old-fashioned, upright brigands infest the Pyrenees, is beyond my comprehension!"

"However, every one to their taste; and, luckily, this is a free country. Good-by, now, Miss Germaine. Fate and the approach of night compels me to be off; but you may look out for me an hour or so before day-dawn to-morrow."

And Ranty got up, shook hands with Erminie, mounted his horse, and rode off.

"Now Ranty Lawless," said that gentleman to himself, when fairly on the road, "it's my private belief and impression that you are falling in love, young man! What a sweet, artless, lovely face the girl has got, any way!

And those eyes—those wistful, tender, violet eyes—how they go through a fellow's vest-pattern, though! Ranty, my son, take care! You escaped the witchery of dark-eyed Spanish donas; the melting glances of Italia's raven-haired daughters; the enchantment of the little knobbed-foot, saffron-skinned ladies of the Celestial Empire; the bevelment of the free-and-easy maidens of free-and-easy France, to be hooked the moment you land, by the blue eyes, golden hair, pearl skin, and pink cheeks of this little cottage-girl, Erminie! What will the governor say, I want to know? Well, it's time enough to think of that yet. No worry till the time comes. Care killed a cat," they say; so, lest I should share in that unfortunate quadruped's fate, I shall take things easy. There's the White Squall. I think I shall go over and see my worthy uncle, the admiral."

So saying, Ranty rode rapidly in the direction of the flaring white mansion, and entered, without ceremony. The admiral, as usual, was alone in the parlor, and gave his nephew a boisterous welcome, shaking his hand as if he had hold of the handle of a pump, until Ranty winced and jerked it away. Then, having replied to the avalanche of questions with which the ancient mariner overwhelmed him, Ranty rose, and rode homeward, to surprise the household there.

Surprise the household he did—at least all of them to be found—which were only the servants. The judge was gone, and so was Pet.

"Why, Aunt Deb, Pet started for home nearly an hour ago," said Ranty, somewhat alarmed. "What can have become of her?"

"Lors! Mars'r Ranty, how de debbil I know!" said Aunt Deb, who was given to profanity now and then. "Dar ain't neber no tellin' whar dat ar little limb pokeys herself. She might be at dem old Bar'ms, or she might be at Dismal Holler, or she might be gone to old Harry—"

"Old Harry!" interrupted Ranty, angrily. "What do you mean?" "Why, oh Mars'r Harry Hateful; dar ain't no tellin' whar she is!"

"Well, that's true enough. I wish she were here, however. Perhaps she won't be back to-night," said Ranty, walking up and down the room, and whistling a sea air.

Aunt Deb bustled out to prepare supper, to which me our young sailor sat down alone, wondering, alternately, where Pet could be, and thinking of the witching, violet eyes of Erminie. Then, when it was over, he took up a book, to beguile time, hoping still to see Pet; but when eleven o'clock struck, he gave up the idea of seeing her that night, and retired to bed, to dream of Erminie.

As he had partaken of the evening meal along the evening before, so was he forced to sit solo at breakfast. Neither Pet nor the judge had returned, nor were any tidings to be obtained of their whereabouts; and, after breakfast, Ranty immediately rode over to the Barrens.

In the cottage he found Ray, who had just returned, who was receiving an account of Ranty's arrival from the lips of Erminie, when the entrance of that young gentleman him self cut it short. Warm and hearty was the greeting between the two friends; for never brothers loved each other better than did they.

"I suppose Pet was in perfect ecstasies of delight at your unexpected return," said Erminie, taking her word and sitting down on her low rocking-chair by the window.

"Pet! why the little gadabout never was at home at all last night; and where the deuce to find her, I don't know."

"Not at home!" said Ranty, in surprise, "Why, where can she be, then?"

"Well, Miss Germaine, that is just what I would feel very much obliged to you to tell me. It's very like looking for a needle in a haystack. I'm inclined to think, to go hunting for her. The best way is, to take things easy, and let her come home when she likes."

"Why, it is most singular," said Erminie. "I know she started for home, and took the road leading to Heath Hill. Perhaps she changed her mind, and went to the White Squall."

"No; that she didn't," said Ranty. "I was there last night after leaving her. The girl's bewitched; and perhaps she rode off on some Quixotic expedition by herself."

"She was on foot," said Erminie, now really growing alarmed. "Starlight was lame or something; so she started to walk home. Oh, Ranty! I am afraid that something has happened to her," she cried, looking up in terror.

"Oh, pooh, Ermie! What could happen to her between this and Heath Hill? Nonsense!" said Ranty, beginning to look uneasy.

"What hour did she leave here, Minnie?" asked Ray, his dark face paling slightly at the thought of danger to her.

"It was nearly dark, and she had to walk all alone over that lonesome heath. Oh, Ray! something must have happened to her!" cried Ranty, growing white with vague alarm.

"Why, what in Heaven's name could have happened to her?" asked Ranty, catching the infection of Erminie's fears. "No one has ever been molested on the heath."

"Those lawless smugglers are continually prowling around; and it is very unsafe for a young girl to venture in such a lonely place, unprotected, after night. Good heavens! if she should have fallen into their hands!" cried Ray, starting up, in consternation.

"Oh, Ray! I hope not. Oh, Ray! do you really think she has?" exclaimed Erminie, clasping her hands in mortal terror.

"There is no telling. Some of that lawless gang are continually prowling about the woods, and shore, and heath, and if they saw Pet—Miss Lawless," he added, checking himself, and biting his lip—"they would make her a prisoner at once. There is no deed of violence too dark or dreadful for them to do. They

are something worse than smugglers, I more than suspect. This smuggling, I fancy, serves but as a cloak for the far worse crime of piracy. I have heard that their leader—Captain Reginald, they call him—is one of the most reckless and daring desperados that ever made general war under the black flag; and those of his crew that I have seen roving about here, look to be cut-throats, savage enough for anything, from wholesale murder downward. Great Heaven! if Petronilla should have fallen into their hands!" said Ray, pacing up and down in much agitation.

"But it cannot be, Ray; it is impossible, absurd, I tell you. Why, man, what could these buccaneers possibly want with Pet? A nice prize she would be for any one to take in tow!" said Ranty, getting alarmed in spite of himself.

"They might take her in the hope of obtaining a large ransom for her release, or they might—oh! the thought is too horrible to contemplate!" exclaimed Ray, almost fiercely. "Ranty, why are we losing time here, when your sister may be in such danger? This is no time for idle talking. About! mount! and off in search of her! I will instantly follow!"

"Well, but wait a minute, Ray, before starting on this wild-goose chase," said Ranty. "How do we know that she is not safely housed in Dismal Hollow, or somewhere in Judestown, all this time, while we are raving about pirates and abductors?"

"Oh, she is not! she is not!" cried Erminie, wringing her hands. "She started for Heath Hill, and had no intention of going anywhere else. Wild and daring as she is, she would not venture to walk alone through the forest after night. Oh, holy saints! what can have become of her?"

"We are losing time talking," said Ray, whose face was now perfectly colorless, with contending emotions. "Mount, Ranty, and ride back to Heath Hill and the White Squall, and see if she has returned to either place since you left. I will go to Dismal Hollow, and Judestown, and search for her there. If she is to be found in neither of these places, then it must be too true that she has fallen into the hands of the smugglers."

Ranty, alarmed, but still incredulous, sprung from his horse and galloped rapidly in the direction of the White Squall, while Ray, at an equally rapid and excited pace, took the opposite road leading to Dismal Hollow. And Erminie, white with vague, nameless, but terrible apprehension, remained behind, to pace up and down the floor, wring her hands, and strain her eyes in anxious watching for their return.

Ranty was the first to return, with the alarming tidings that nothing had been heard of her at either place since. Nearly wild with terror now, Erminie continued her excited pace up and down the room, crying bitterly.

"Oh! I should not have let her go! I ought to have kept her all night. I knew it was dangerous crossing the heath, and I should not have let her attempt it alone. Oh, if Ray would only come!"

But another long, seemingly interminable hour passed before Ray made his appearance, and then he came dashing up, pale, wild and excited.

His eyes met Ranty's as he entered. That glance told all—both had failed.

"You have not found her?" said Ranty, hurriedly.

"No; but I heard enough to confirm my worst suspicions. Late yesterday afternoon, Orlando Toosypes says he saw one of the gang, a fellow called Black Bart, accompanied by some one else, he could not discern who, but doubtless another of the outlaws, take the forest-road leading this way. Pet has been waylaid and entrapped by them, there can be no doubt; for neither of them have been seen since."

Erminie dropped, like one suddenly stricken, into a seat, and hid her face in her hands. Brother and lover looked in each other's pale faces with an unspoken: "What next?"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 290.)

THE VOICES.

BY FRANK DAVIES.

Across the dark a spirit came
With dusky wing and eye of flame;
And as I stood beside the sea
The spirit spoke thus unto me:

"Oh, man, a life of value had
Upon the life of man been bled,
And trumpet blow, and banners fly,
And battle's thunder rends the sky."

The spirit vanished; and I heard
A voice like some lute-throated bird,
Which floated gently from the sea,
Across the night, and unto me:

"Oh, man, behold a flower way,
Where warm, bright suns will shine each day.
And birds will sing, and flowers bloom,
And end a peaceful tomb."

"Oh, shall I turn to left or right?
Ease shall I seek, or storm and fight?
Go shall I to some rural home?
Or shall I seek life's battle storm?

Nick Whiffles' Pet:
OR,
NED HAZEL, THE BOY TRAPPER.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS.

PART II.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT NEXT?

"ANOTHER condemned difficulty," muttered Nick Whiffles, as, after thoroughly reconnoitering the camp, and crawling two-thirds of the way around it, he failed to discover any sign of Ned Mackintosh; "either me or him has got off the track. I'm sure it ain't him," he muttered, believing such a thing possible, but hardly probable.

He went over most of the ground that he had already trod over, taking a sort of zigzag course, but still without accomplishing anything toward finding his man.

So much time had now passed that he began to feel serious alarm, and finally he made the last resort.

"Calamity, I'm a little uneasy 'bout the lad; do you go and hunt for me?"

The dog at once trotted off in the darkness, fully sensible of the duty that was required of him.

Back and forth and around he went, until finally he struck the scent, and he followed it as if he were a bloodhound.

The Indian that was stealing upon the sleeping figure of Ned Mackintosh had already drawn his knife, and had decided where to drive it home, when a slight rustling behind him caused him to turn his head.

As he did so, a huge dark body, like a cannon-ball on the ricochet,

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which she had just left. Here she stood motionless and listened.

Was that the rustling of the wind that just then caught her ear? No, it was upon the ground, and while she was trying to still the beating of her heart, she distinctly heard the tread of some one upon the leaves!

Some wild animal, she concluded, was wandering near her, unconscious of her presence.

"I will not stir, and he will pass by," she thought, as she endeavored to pierce the inky gloom about her.

But no; it was drawing near, and it was moving so stealthily that she was certain her presence was detected, and it intended to steal upon her.

Filled with alarm, Miona reached her hands upward to see if there were any limbs upon which she could seize and draw herself up out of its reach.

No; there were none, and the creature was now within a few paces!

What should she do?

She had no weapons at all with her, she had left the deserted village in such haste that she had not once thought of bringing her rifle with her. She was helpless.

Then came the hope that she might frighten the animal into leaving her, and summoning her courage to the intense trial, she made a light spring toward it in the darkness, throwing up her outstretched arms, as she had seen Nick do with the bear, and shaking her blanket at the same time, and uttering an aspiration intended to startle the creature, whatever it was.

As she did so, she felt her arm gripped in such a manner that she knew at once that an Indian had seized it!

With a gasp of terror, Miona attempted to draw back and wrench herself free; but a giant could not have held her more securely.

"Heaven be merciful!" she prayed, struggling with the strength of desperation.

"Miona! my queen?"

She recognized that voice; it belonged to Red Bear!

Ay; the very being most dreaded upon earth had her now in his power!

Miona would have screamed, but her tongue seemed palsied; she attempted to speak, but could not! She was like one dead.

"My queen of the woods!" added Red Bear, in his native tongue. "I have sought you long, and with tears in my eyes; why did you flee from me?"

Her speech came back to her, but what should she say? What reply could she make? What reason could she give? What was to be gained by attempting to bandy words with him who knew no reason or mercy?

Oh, if she had but a pistol, or even a knife! How she would fight for her freedom, never so dear to her as at this moment.

He used no violence, but, holding her with a grip that was painful, he led her forward into the path again.

A pang of hope shot through her frame. Where was Nick? Was it not time for him to return? Would he not be coming along this path in a few minutes? Would they not meet, and then she would be safe after all.

But no one else was encountered, nor did she hear any indication of the proximity of her friends.

"Why do they remain away? Have they, too, deserted me?" she wailed, in her anguish. "Is there no hope for me?"

The heavens seemed closed, indeed. As the dim moonlight fell upon her captor, she glanced askance at him. In the obscurity he seemed ten times more hideous and repulsive than ever before.

She did not dare to struggle or resist him. She knew what a fearful temper he possessed, and she wondered at his forbearance, in the face of the struggle she had already made, to flee from him.

Perhaps the exultation he felt in her capture compensated him for all the labor he had undergone in the pursuit.

Whither would he take her? Back to the camp, where his companions were awaiting his return?

She had scarcely asked herself this question, when he left the path, taking the side opposite to the one by which they had entered it, and at that moment utter, hopeless, dead despair took possession of her.

Why struggle against fate? She was doomed to fall into his hands; the fond dreams that had cheered her for years were not to be realized; hope was all a mockery; there was no happiness for her; she was never to see that cherished mother again, nor the face of that father that had vanished as suddenly as he appeared before her.

"Lead on, Red Bear," she murmured, hardly knowing what she said.

The triumphant young chief needed no such admonition, for he strode through the wood so rapidly, dragging her after him, that she could scarcely keep her feet.

She had no knowledge or thought of the direction she was pursuing, for it was nothing to her, and she did not seek to know. She only knew that she was the most wretched and suffering of mortals, and that the future was all a blank to her. The bright sky overhead held no moon or stars for her.

On, still on his led her, his grasp never relaxing, and stumbling forward, as though held in the power of some horrid nightmare.

When it seemed to her that she had been dragged forward for a mile (although it was less than one eighth of that distance), she saw that they were nearing a camp-fire. She concluded at once that it was the main one, around which most of the party were gathered, but was somewhat surprised upon reaching it that no one else was near. They were still as much alone as though buried in the very depth of the forest.

Still the camp had been recently visited, for the fire was burning so brightly as to prove that it must have been replenished but a short time before. There was a heap of brush and fuel lying near, and gathering upon an armful, Red Bear cast it upon the flames.

As they flared up they made the immediate circle in which they were standing as light as day.

Perhaps, in her distress, Miona's remarkable beauty was increased, for when the young chief turned his dark eyes upon her, there was no anger and nothing but love in his expression, and with something like sadness in his voice, he asked:

"Why did the Queen of the Woods fly from me?"

"She wished to go to her own home and kindred."

"Her home is with the Blackfeet, and none of her kindred can love her as they do."

"But Miona is white and they are red; they are of different races and cannot consort together."

"Love knows no race nor color," was the rather poetic expression of the dusky lover, who certainly did not intend that he should be argued out of the position he had assumed.

"Woo-wol-na promised that when five sum-

mers had come and gone, I should be sent to my people. Has Woo-wol-na two tongues?"

"Red Bear made no such promise," was the sullen reply of the Blackfoot. "It is Red Bear that claims the Queen."

"But he does the Queen a great wrong; she has spent many years with the Blackfeet; they have treated her kindly, and she loves them; but her heart is with her father and mother, who are waiting her coming."

"Let them come to the Queen," replied the warrior; "they shall be given the chief's lodge, they shall sleep upon the finest furs, and shall eat the fattest buffalo; they shall be welcome for all the moons they wish to stay, because they are the friends of the Blackfoot Queen."

Miona had no hope or thought of gaining a concession from her captor, but she was seeking merely to gain time. There was a faint stir of hope again when she found no other Indians near the fire. Surely Nick Whiffles and her lover must speedily miss her and institute a search, and she believed the sagacity of the trapper ought to be sufficient to direct him to the right spot.

The absence of the Blackfeet was as inexplicable as that of her friends. She knew that the wood was swarming with the dusky foes, and how it was that they still remained away was certainly singular, to say the least.

She was not aware that this was only one of a number of fires, kindled here and there in the valley for the purpose of distracting the fugitives and preventing their escape over the ridge.

Red Bear showed the same deference toward her that had characterized him during the years past. He evidently regretted the outbreak of which he had been guilty at the deserted village, and which he was certain had hastened the flight of the girl, and caused the aversion with which she seemed to regard him.

Having recovered possession of her again, he was now anxious to undo this mischief and to restore himself to his original place in her esteem.

Both were standing near the fire; he had his arms folded, in the stoical, indifferent manner of the Indian warrior, while his swarthy face, and his dark eyes that scarcely ever wandered from hers, were lit up with an expression of undisguised admiration and love.

Surely no Indian had ever coveted maid as he coveted her; surely never had the earth seen such a flower bloom as she at his side; surely she was worth any sacrifice or danger that he could offer.

Miona stood with her blanket gathered about her, her long, dark, Indian-like tresses hanging over her shoulders, her face downcast, as she looked gloomily into the fire, answering his questions and making her remarks with the dreamy indifference of one who is unconscious of what she is saying.

"When will Red Bear take the Queen of the Woods back to his village?"

"Now," was the instant reply of the Indian, his eyes flashing up at the thought of her concession.

"But the way is long, and Miona is weary."

"She can sleep in the canoe of Red Bear; he will spread his blanket for her, and while he paddles, she can sleep."

"The way is long to the water where his canoe is lying: she would rest here until daylight comes, and then go with him."

The black eyes of the Indian flashed, for he understood on the instant what this request meant. She wished to tarry here by the camp-fire until her friends could come to her rescue again.

He glanced furtively about in the gloom, as if to make sure that no form was stealing upon him, and then, stepping close to the girl, asked, in a hurried undertone:

"Does the Queen look for the coming of her friends? She may turn her eyes away, for they will never come again!"

"What!" gasped Miona; "are they dead?"

"They sleep in the ground," wailed Red Bear, intending to give a poetical phase to the deliberate falsehood he was telling.

"Oh! how can I bear this?" wailed the poor, stricken captive, pressing her hands to her forehead, as if to keep her head from bursting.

She believed the monstrous deception, for it accounted for the continued absence of her friends. She was certain that no other cause could explain their failure to return to her.

The trapper directed that they should approach simultaneously from opposite directions, and Ned should take the girl in charge and start in as direct a line as possible for the northern ridge, passing over that until he reached the stream upon the opposite side, where he was to await the coming of Whiffles. The latter, with the assistance of his dog, had no doubt but that he could easily discover them. His great purpose was to get them out of this dangerous valley as speedily as possible, and at the same time to place them beyond any likelihood of being overtaken by the Indians, who, as a matter of course, would not relinquish the hunt so long as there was any prospect of success.

Nine mountaineers out of ten would have put Red Bear to death the instant they gained the opportunity; but Nick Whiffles, although of a terrible nature when aroused, was not vindictive. To him the crime would have been nothing but murder, and he had no thought of injuring any one except in case of inevitable necessity.

His object now was to gain time; he wished to give the lovers all the start possible, and for that reason he was remaining by the camp-fire to prevent Red Bear dashing away for assistance, or calling his comrades to his aid.

In doing this, it will be seen that Nick incurred great personal risk, which, however, was characteristic of him. Despite the vigilance of Calamity, some treacherous red-skin might steal near enough to give a fatal shot.

In the gloomy depths of the woods lurked the most daring of red-skins, who were willing to risk their lives at any time for the sake of their leader, or that they might secure revenge upon a race for whom they entertained an hereditary hatred.

All this, as I have said, Nick Whiffles understood perfectly, but it produced no drawing power or hesitation in the part he had marked out for himself.

The position taken by the trapper was such that it placed him as near the rifle of Red Bear as was the latter. This, although apparently done by accident, was for the purpose of preventing the Indian taking any sudden advantage of the weapon. At the same time Nick kept his eye upon him, ready to detect and frustrate any movement looking toward escape.

As their relative positions were a little embarrassing, Nick naturally indulged his habit of talking when an opportunity occurred.

"The gal made a regular bargain with you, Red Bear, or with Woo-wol-na, which is the same thing, that when five years come round she should have the right, and why, in thunder, don't you stick to your bargain?"

"Red Bear loves the Queen of the Woods," replied the warrior.

"Wal, I don't suppose she can help that, and so you shouldn't blame her for that; but you don't love her half as much as that young chap that walked off with her."

This, of course, was uttered in the Blackfoot tongue, and the Indian comprehended it. It was touching him in his tenderest spot, and his black eyes gleamed with an evil light as he turned upon the trapper.

The fire of jealousy was burning in his dark nature, and some threat was struggling to his tongue; but he repressed it, and the words he would have spoken were not uttered, and he looked down in the fire before him.

discovery from her captor. She was resolved to delay their going by every means in her power; so she resorted to several trivial questions, finally asking:

"Do we return alone, or with the warriors of Woo-wol-na?"

"We shall go back together—sh! he added, turning his head as quick as lightning.

As he did so, the figure of Ned Mackintosh came out of the gloom, and stood before him with his revolver in hand.

"Attempt to raise your gun and you're a dead dog!" muttered the young scout, raising his hand. "If he don't understand that, Miona, please translate it for him."

Whether he understood it or not, cannot be said; but forgetting all in the one thought of self-preservation, he whirled on his feet to flee, when he found himself face to face with Nick Whiffles!

"Hold on a minute, Red Bear," said the trapper, "there's a condemned little difficulty atween us that had better be settled now!"

CHAPTER XVI.

OVER THERE!

"CALAMITY," said Nick Whiffles, addressing his dog, "jest keep watch, and ef you smell any of the varmints comin', let us know in time to slope."

Thus assured that there was no danger of surprise to the trapper, he whirled on his feet to flee.

Red Bear was standing with his arms folded, his gun leaning against the nearest tree, fairly cornered, but still defiant and ready to die the death that he was certain was only delayed for a few minutes. Ned Mackintosh held his pistol so as to cover the red-skin, and almost grazed his shoulder.

At the same moment Red Bear gave utterance to a whoop, intended to draw his warriors about him, and Nick concluded it was time for him to make tracks; and so he did, plunging into the woods and running with the speed of a deer.

"Speak, Red Bear, if you have anything to say," said Nick, who understood the movement, and wished to encourage him.

But the Indian maintained silence.

"You needn't get ready to sing your death-song, 'cause I ain't going to hurt you, that is as long as you behave yourself—mighty! no—what would I want to hurt a poor red scamp like you for?"

"The words of my brother are the words of a coward," replied Red Bear, turning defiantly upon him. "Let him lay down his gun and meet me with his knife."

"Nobody is afraid of ye, Red Bear," replied Nick, not disconcerted in the least.

"I've raised the hair of bigger Indians than you, but what's the use? I won't feel any better for wipin' you out, and you hain't got any chance to wipe me out."

At this juncture Calamity bounded into view, and his appearance meant that danger threatened, it was time for him to be on the move.

Stooping down, Nick caught up the rifle of the Indian, and said:

"I'll leave it out here, where you can find it at daylight ag'in'; but you see I don't care bout gettin' hit in the back. Good-by, Red Bear."

As he was passing out of the circle of light on the other side of the clearing, the trapper looked back, and saw the infuriated Blackfoot with his tomahawk raised over his head. The next instant it had left his hand. As Nick sprang to one side it whizzed past him, almost grazing his shoulder.

At the same moment Red Bear gave utterance to a whoop, intended to draw his warriors about him, and Nick concluded it was time for him to make tracks; and so he did, plunging into the woods and running with the speed of a deer.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 295.)

THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS; ILL NONE OF IT.

We do not in the least feel like blaming Macbeth for this expression of disgust; indeed, we are rather inclined to sympathize with him. Every day most of the cathartics offered to the public are great, repulsive-looking pills, the very appearance of which is sufficient to "turn one's stomach." Had Macbeth ever taken Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets he would not uttered the words he did, but it is only natural that he would be inclined to do so.

He made no reply—stolen, stoic and defiant as ever, and Nick began to lose patience.

"I've got ye in my power, and it wouldn't take much for me to send you under and raise your har," but I don't want to do it, on account of your father, fur me and him went on the war-path together before you were born, and we allers took a sort of hankerin' fur each other."

Red Bear now raised his gaze and showed by his manner that he felt some interest in what was said.

"Sircumstances have made me run summertime in Woo-wol-na durin' the last few years, and I don't

A DINNER.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

At that unpleasant meal
I shall forever growl;
The fowl were hardly fair;
The fare was rather foul.

It seemed that every dish
Was opposite, and wrong;
The tea was very weak,
The butter very strong.

Unto the hungry soul
Good viands are a charm;
The soup was very cold,
The water very warm.

And here upon my word—
I'm telling you the truth;
The wine was too much age,
The wine had too much youth.

The toast was burned too much—
Or rather not enough;
The cups were very frail,
The pie-crust very tough.

I thought for such a meal
I wouldn't give a pin;
The flies were very thick,
The milk was very thin.

I thought, "Why should a man
Come here to dine or sup?"
The meat would not go down,
The jelly wanted up.

The landlord's smiles polite
Could have soothed power;
The vinegar was sweet,
The honey very sour.

I rather thought the host
For guests had no regard;
The pickles were quite soft,
The bread was very hard.

It somehow seemed to me
The dinner was not good;
The wines were plenty there,
The viands very scarce.

To relish what I ate
Was little use to try;
The cake was very damp,
The pudding very dry.

To make things give all round,
I found the landlord's charge
For satisfaction small.
Was oppositely large.

Two Sides of a Story.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

MR. RUFUS KINGMAN looked suspiciously in Fred's face, as he folded up the letter he had been reading, and handed it back to the young man.

"It's a nice letter, Frederic, and the young lady is certainly very kind, and seems to think a great deal of you—and me. Mind, I say seems to think a great deal. But my experience has taught me that women, especially pretty women, are profound enigmas. You never can tell much about them."

"But I think you'll find Pansy an exception to the rule you have formed. At all events, accept the invitation she has sent you and aunt Ruthie, and see for yourself if she isn't the dearest girl in Christendom, and just the one above all others you would select for my wife."

Uncle Rufus shook his head undecidedly.

"I don't know about it, Frederic. I'm not much of a hand to mix in with fashionable people, and I feel as if I even disliked the name of the girl, 'Pansy'! It's ridiculous—don't you think so, Ruth?"

Miss Kingman looked up from her knitting—a placid-faced, blue-eyed old lady, twenty years older than her forty-year-old brother, to whom she was mother, sister, friend, house-keeper.

"I rather like the name, Rufus; it is sweet and girlish. Besides, you know what a favor it flower of mine the pansy is. She ought to have great violet eyes, Fred"—looking beamingly over her gold-rimmed glasses at the handsome young fellow who had known no other home than theirs since he was a baby—"just like the velvet leaves of my jump-up Johnnies down by the corner fence."

Fred gave a happy, grateful glance for the little, tender romance in aunt Ruth's answer; then said ardently:

"She has, auntie, glorious blue eyes, with lashes and hair the very color of corn silk, and a complexion like a rose-leaf. You'll love her, auntie. Coax uncle Rufus to go. Pansy and Cornelia will see that you have a grand time."

The soft, blue eyes beamed at the refractory uncle this time, who sat knitting his handsome brow as if pretty women were entirely out of his line—and he, only forty, and finer looking, even, with his grand, florid face, thick gray hair, and bright blue eyes, the very hue of Fred's own—then Fred himself, for all that young gentleman's universally admitted attractions.

"A fortnight will not be very long to be away from home, Rufus, and I think we should acknowledge the courtesy by accepting the invitation of this dear girl who has made our boy so happy. It need not be a fashionable visit—they are just two young girls who keep house together, arn't they, Fred?"

Fred was eager enough to indorse aunt Ruth's opinion.

"That is all. Cornelia is several years older than Pansy, and she is housekeeper. It's a charming house, well ordered, and I know you'll be glad if you go."

Uncle Rufus gave a lugubrious sigh.

"So far as I can see, the whole thing has been settled before I was consulted. Well, I will take Ruth down on Wednesday, just to gratify you both. No good can come of it to me, you know—unless I find my conviction true, that this girl has simply bewitched you, without caring two pins for you."

Fred laughed—he knew so much better than that; and aunt Ruth's needles clicked faster for a moment.

"As if any girl could care so little for our Fred!"

And then they all went out to tea.

"Well, Pansy, dear, Mr. Kingman and Miss Ruth have been here a fortnight; now, tell me how like Fred's folks!"

It was the sweetest, most womanly of voices, and as Cornelia Sumner asked it of the girl crouching so gracefully over the register—radiant in a dainty, pink morning-wrapper—her own cheeks flushed just a trifle—enough to add a new charm to her pale olive face, with its black eyes and lashes, its sensitive, scarlet-lipped mouth.

She was a regal sort of girl, who maintained a dignity and comparative reticence to every one, excepting little Pansy, and who, therefore, had acquired the reputation of heartlessness and hauteur. But, away down in her heart, Cornelia knew her twenty-seven years of maidenhood had not spoiled a natural affection and capacity for love—because no one yet had asked her for that love whom she considered favorably. But, of late, something had "come over" Cornelia—at least Pansy had laughingly told her so, more than once, or twice.

"You needn't deny it, my duchess! I knew when Hal Thornehurst came back from Eu-

rope, your citadel wouldn't stand the storming! Don't I know? I am just as positive as if I had heard you say so. That magnificent Hal has been the prince to arouse my sleeping beauty."

Then Cornelia, so strangely for her, would flush slightly, perhaps laugh, but never denied it; while Pansy went on castle building about when her Fred and Cornelia's Hal would be brothers-in-law.

But this morning, sitting in a charming little boudoir, in the second story, just over the back parlor, the topic of conversation was not Hal Thornehurst, but their guests.

As Cornelia said, the Kingmans had been there two weeks—time enough to have cemented a loving attachment between aunt Ruth and the two girls; while as for uncle Rufus—well, he stoutly insisted that Pansy was no name for a girl, and openly avowed to his gentle, placid sister, *that* of the two, he was astounded that Fred hadn't chosen Cornelia. *Such a housekeeper!* such a thorough-going woman! such a queenly, confident air as she had! Pansy was all right enough—always barring her heathenish name; but Fred would find a good dinner more desirable in the long run, than the filmy crotchet tildes and worsted afgahns that seemed to be Pansy's only acquirement. But, of course Mr. Rufus Kingman did not know much about it, except what he saw; besides, there was naturally more good common sense, and less romance in a gentleman of over forty, who was not, and never had been in love, than in an ardent young fellow like Fred, head over heels in love with the velvety blue eyes, and dimpled rose cheeks of Pansy Sumner.

Of Cornelia's irreproachable dinners, uncle Rufus had enjoyed ample proof, as well as of numberless other hospitalities, so that their visit had been a most delightful one. Opera—though aunt Ruth was a little shocked—sleighing in the Park; two receptions at the elegant little house, upon both of which occasion Fred was on hand; and uncle Rufus was heard to say, "what a fat young Thornehurst was. Miss Cornelia's lover, wasn't he?" Delightful matinees, promenades, concerts; and now at the end of a fortnight of real pleasure, Cornelia put her question of womanly curiosity to Pansy—crucifying over the register.

While, in the parlor below, his arm-chair drawn near that register, the morning *Herald* in his hands, Mr. Rufus Kingman sat, and heard every word, from that first question we have quoted.

"How do I like them? Why, I think auntie Ruth is the dearest old lady I ever saw—such a sweet, caressing way with her, and she does love Fred so."

Cornelia laughed.

"Which is a grand recommendation in your opinion, I dare say. But, Pansy"—a brief pause, then uncle Rufus imagined her voice was constrained and unnatural as she went on.

"Speaking of Fred, naturally leaves me to think of your approaching marriage, dear; and that, necessarily, of your engagements—which has worried me some of late. I really think, Pansy, the time has come for you to decide which of the two gentlemen you will pre-

fer."

Uncle Rufus sat upright in his chair, every nerve alert. So, this pretty little Pansy had two lovers, had she—the minx!

"Now, Cornelia, you're going to scold. I know it! As if I knew which one I wanted—or cared, for that matter, which one I had."

"That may be true enough, but at the same time, imprudent. Indeed, I regret very much that you were so childish as to engage yourself to them both. There's sure to be a fuss."

Uncle Rufus got out of his chair, in hot indignation at the condition of affairs in that house.

"I'd leave it this minute, were it not some extenuation of Pansy's wickedness, that Miss Cornelia so disapproves it. The girl is headstrong and of course her sister is not to blame, but—what a mess!"

He heard Pansy's sweet, girlish voice again, and listened, more horror-stricken than ever,

"It lays between Warner and Frederic, of course, and as the wedding day is so near, I think I had better decide, as you say. Frederic is good enough, and he's been faithful in the past—but then I think Warner is the most elegant—the more stylish, don't you? I decidedly prefer Warner, and I shall dismiss the other at once. By the way, Cornelia, isn't Miss Hugh to come at eleven to take the measure for my dresses?"

Then, as the conversation rambled off into dressmaking gossip, uncle Rufus strode away—burning with anger, shame, and wounded feeling; his face flushed, his eyes flashing the righteous indignation he felt.

"So that's the little game, is it? that is the way they're intending to serve my nephew! Well, I won't blame Miss Cornelia, but didn't I always say no good could come of a girl with such a name as Pansy? Poor Fred—Frederic!" and he repeated the name aloud, in contemptuous copy of Pansy's unresented formality. Then, he rushed out of the parlor.

"I'll tell Ruth, and we'll pack our portmanteau and leave the house. Engaged to two men at once! thank God I'm not a marrying man!"

But he couldn't find Ruth.

So, he jammed his hat on his head, and went out for a walk, until she returned to her room.

Two minutes after he had closed the front door after him, aunt Ruth entered the parlor, calm, placid, all unconscious of the storm brewing, and took the same chair uncle Rufus had vacated, surprised, in a moment or so, to hear distant voices in conversation above her.

"You gave no opinion of Mr. Kingman, Pansy, after you told me how dearly you loved aunt Ruth."

It was Cornelia's voice, and aunt Ruth colored with pleasure at the indirect compliment.

Then Pansy's gay, girlish voice answered: "Oh, uncle Rufus is jolly enough. I think he's real handsome, don't you?"

There came no answer for a second; then the old lady heard a rapid, passionate speech.

"Pansy—let it be as sacred as the memory of our dead mother—this secret of mine, Oh, Pansy! little sister, have you been so blind as not to see I love him—dearly—dearly!"

A sudden whiteness overspread aunt Ruth's face; then a delighted, rosy flush followed it, accompanied by a tiny gush of tears.

"Dear old Rufus! isn't it a special Providence that I heard this? Don't I know he thinks the world and all of her, and don't know it himself? I'll tell him, this very minute—dear boy!"

Then, just as she reached the hall, uncle Rufus came in, considerably cooled off, and wishing, away down in his heart, that it was only that deceitful Pansy he was consciously obliged to leave.

With quivering lips aunt Ruth told him all;

and he listened, with strange thrills of happiness at his heart. Cornelia loved him—him! For a moment he forgot the news he had for aunt Ruth; and just then, Pansy and Cornelia came into the parlor—Pansy all eagerness and animation.

"Oh, here they are now! I want you to take my part, auntie and uncle, because cross old Connie is scolding me horribly because I engaged two florists to decorate for my wedding! Tell her it won't hurt, aunt Ruth! I know Frederic won't care because I prefer Warner; that old Frederic is getting behind time, and Warner is splendid, especially with tables! Confess now, Cornelia!"

Mr. Kingman listened with awe-struck ears. It wasn't two lovers then, but two florists Miss Pansy had been "engaged to!" What a fool he was—a consummate idiot—no, what a happy man he was, if it was true Cornelia really loved him.

Twenty-four hours later, he knew it was true; and when a double wedding was celebrated, both Frederic and Warner officiated.

And ever afterward, Mr. Rufus Kingman insisted that there are two sides to every

story.

On they rushed with the speed of the wind, Fifteen minutes more and they would enter the tunnel. Mr. Bunting calmly surveyed the field, carefully counted and recounted the seats between him and Miss Tarleton, and bided his time. Five minutes more, now. On and on and on they go, and then all in an instant, with a great shriek of despairing agony, the locomotive plunged headlong into the depths of the mountain caverns, dragging after it the unresisting train. Now is the time for deeds of darkness. Fate, which seems strangely to favor the wicked, has suddenly turned day into night, and the victims are seated, starled and helpless, within the avenger's grasp. Stealthily and swiftly he glides along the aisle, with fearful precision notes each compartment as he passes it; a moment he pauses beside the unsuspecting fair one, hovering above like some spirit of the dark, unseen and unseeing—and then, certain of his prey, with one fell swoop, he quickly, cruelly darts upon her and imprints upon her startled cheek—a kiss. Not a loud, sounding smack, but a soft caress, gentle and tender as the touch of a springtime zephyr.

A moment more, and with another wailing shriek, the great train flashed out into the light again, and the passengers utter in concert a sigh of relief, and resume their reading—all except Miss Tabitha Tarleton. Her sigh is rather one of ecstasy than relief, as she beams upon the innocent doctor a glance, half shy, half inviting, seeming to say "Oh, you naughty man, how could you!" and the doctor, a little puzzled, answers her look with an assuring smile, and returns to his magazine, thinking all the while to himself what pleasant companions one does meet traveling in parlor coaches.

Time passed on; the train gradually made its way westward, but matters generally did not seem to progress much. Four o'clock, p.m., found the doctor with drowsy lids, nodding and bowing profoundly at the back of Miss Tarleton's head. That lady, though not entirely recovered from the exaltation of spirits brought about by the kiss she believed him to have given her, was yet a trifling heartsick with hope deferred, and was sulky studying the landscape that was flashing by. As for our younger hero, he still kept up his observations from the rear end of the car, growing more and more anxious as he realized that in a few hours more it would be bedtime, and that in the morning they would all separate at Chicago. The occasion plainly called for action; and what was to be done? He saw no way of bringing the old gentleman to his knees in the brief time that remained. But he had done the doctor's kissing for him, why should he not do his proposing also? But how? It would hardly do to go to the lady and say that he came in behalf of Doctor Asterisk, to make offer of that gentleman's old-fashioned heart and hand, and to sue for her own in exchange. The consequence might prove serious to the self-delegated proxy, should she turn to the doctor in person with her acceptance. What then should he do? This problem occupied the young man's mind until supper-time, when the inspiration of a strong cup of coffee put the solution into his head. The proposal could be made in writing! No sooner said than done; and a few moments' thought produced the following note, which was handed to the gentleman sitting just behind the doctor, with the request that it be passed to the lady.

DEAR MADAM—I'm a practical man. I make up my mind in a moment and don't change it in a thousand years. I don't know you, but I would like to. What is more, I want to marry you, and you are the one I have chosen. Therefore, I will give you my little indiscretion at one-forty-five.

Upon my word and honor as a Doctor of Divinity, I couldn't help it. I'll take it back if you insist upon it. You already possess my heart—will you take along with it my name not altogether unknown to fame and henceforth subscribed. I have the honor to be, dear madam,

Your sincere admirer,

HAUSERUS ASTERISK.

If this letter should appear to any intelligent reader to be not exactly what a grave and reverend lover would have written under the circumstances, let him call to mind the fact that the grave and reverend lover didn't write it. Such as it was, it was handed to the gentleman aforesaid, who gave it to the doctor, with, "Will you be kind enough to pass this to the lady in front of you?" The doctor took it, then leaned over, reverently touched Miss Tarleton's shoulder, and presented it with his most seductive smile. She took it with a radiant blush, as though aware he could have but one thing to say to her on paper. Then she turned to the fading light and began spelling it out.

To say that she was not somewhat surprised with such an offer actually before her, would be to say what was not true; but we may safely affirm that she was not displeased. She knew the doctor by reputation as an eccentric and warm-hearted man, and she was by no means disposed to refuse the honor he now extended. Having finished the note, she turned to her supposed lover. He was gazing dreamily out of the window. So she spoke to him.

"Doctor," she called, softly, and then smiled in so captivating a manner, that he could not resist getting up and seating himself beside her, saying, "Madam, I am your most humble servant."

"Do you really mean what you say?" she inquired, archly.

"Madam, I never mean less than I say," he replied, thinking she alluded to his remark.

"Then my answer is, yes!" whispered the delighted lady, and without the slightest warning there stole into his a little soft, shapeless hand, while her head dropped trustfully upon his shoulder. Under such circumstances, the man who hesitates is lost beyond redemption.

The doctor hesitated—more because he was completely thunderstruck and didn't know what else to do than anything else. Then he looked down into the happy little face, comely and fair in spite of the hard lines had drawn across it; he saw a pair of lips which seemed to him ripe and luscious as a prize pipkin, just within reach of his own, and, being but mortal after all just like the rest of us, for the life of him he could not resist the temptation to bend down and kiss them.

What passed after this, our young friend, Jack Bunting, never really knew, for the remainder of the conversation was carried on in whispers; but evidently his plot had succeeded, and he climbed into his berth that night with feelings of the most profound satisfaction.

And when the next morning he saw Doctor Asterisk escort Miss Tabitha Tarleton to a carriage, then get in after her, and the man to drive up to the nearest clergyman, he went his own evil way, happy in the thought that at last his vengeance was fully accomplished.

Yet, thus, in this world of ours, do we often defeat our own wile purposes. He had only, after all, joined together two loving hearts, and made the lonely old doctor a happy man for the rest of his life.

WISDOM no more consists in science than happiness is wealth.

LIGHT BEYOND.

BY D. G. MYERS.

What is it, oh, God, that freezes my blood,
What is it that makes my heart feel cold and queer,